













# THE HAWTHORN TREE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE



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To

H. B. D.

SS



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Songs





## THE HAWTHORN TREE

**A**T the edge of the hedge is a Hawthorn Tree,  
And its blossoms are sweet as sweet can be,  
And the bees are humming there all the day,  
And these are the words that I hear them say :—

Sweet, sweet is the Hawthorn Tree !

All the breezes that breathe o'er those blossoms rare  
A burden of perfume happily bear ;  
And the songsters revel there all day long,  
And these are the words of their merry song :—

Sweet, sweet is the Hawthorn Tree !

And a maid and her lover wander by  
As the twilight glories fade and die ;  
And they pause 'neath the fragrant boughs to rest,  
And above them sways the robin's nest :—

Sweet, sweet is the Hawthorn Tree !

We too, they whisper, shall soon build a home  
'Neath the azure arch of the infinite dome ;  
And we, all the day, shall sing like the birds,  
But with deeper meaning in music and words :—

Sweet, sweet is the Hawthorn Tree !

## Songs

### LOVE AND MAYTIME

LOVE, gentle Love, I am weary of waiting !  
Why hast thou lingered so long on the way ?  
Birds mid the boskage are wooing and mating.  
It is May !

Cold was the winter with snow-plumy pinions,  
Holding our hearts in his insolent sway.  
Now he has gone to his icy dominions.  
It is May !

Brooks down the hillsides are leaping and singing ; —  
What makes their laughter so rollicking gay ?  
Why are the hedges with merriment ringing ?  
It is May !

Love, gentle Love, I would welcome thee gladly,  
Yet far aloof from my roof thou dost stray.  
I cannot sing, for my song would sound sadly.  
It is May !

Come, gentle Love, bring me joy without measure,  
Make me thy debtor this jubilant day !  
Here is my heart in exchange for thy treasure.  
It is May ! It is May !

## Songs

### THE GRANITE CLIFF

ON the granite cliff we stand,  
As the sun is sinking slow ;  
What a wondrous purple glow  
Consecrates the sea and land !

Sails upon the changing bay,  
Trees upon the steadfast hills,  
Catch the glory as it thrills  
From the arbiter of day.

As the glory fades and dies  
On the granite cliff we stand,  
Breathless, speechless, hand in hand,  
Love-light kindled in our eyes.

Is our love like yonder glow  
Only for a moment's grace ?  
Will it fade and leave no trace  
Save the gray clouds wan and low ?

### THE OLD, OLD STORY

NO wind is stirring,  
There moves no leaf ;  
A bird forsaken  
Pours forth her grief.

## Songs

The clouds hang heavy  
And darkly lower ;  
The rain-drops patter  
On grass and flower.

Beneath the maple  
Beyond the glade,  
There come for shelter  
A youth and maid.

His arm is around her,  
He holds her hands ;  
And what he whispers  
The bird understands !

### THE CLOSE OF A RAINY DAY

THE sky was dark and gloomy ;  
We heard the sound of the rain  
Dripping from eaves and tossing leaves  
And driving against the pane.

The clouds hung low o'er the ocean,  
The ocean gray and wan,  
Where one lone sail before the gale  
Like a spirit was driven on.

## Songs

The screaming sea-fowl hovered  
Above the boiling main,  
And flapped wide wings in narrowing rings,  
Seeking for rest in vain.

The sky grew wilder and darker,  
Darker and wilder the sea,  
And night with her dusky pinions  
Swept down in stormy glee.

Then lo! from the western heaven  
The veil was rent in twain,  
And a flood of light and glory  
Spread over the heaving main.

It changed the wave-beat islands  
To Islands of the Blest,  
And the far-off sail like a spirit  
Seemed vanishing into rest.

## MY JOY

MY joy is like a sparkling stream  
That flows through flowery meadows,  
Whose waters here with sunlight gleam,  
And here are peaceful as a dream,  
Beneath the cooling shadows.

## Songs

My joy is like a wanton stream  
Without a note of sadness,  
And what care I if shallow seem  
The sunny waves that dance and gleam  
And sing their songs of gladness?

### WILD ROSES

O'ER the wild-rose bush  
Humming-birds hover,  
Butterflies poise on the trembling leaves;  
Delicate petals,  
Parting, discover  
Yellow-thighed honey-bees,— dainty thieves!

By the wild-rose bush  
Stands a fair maiden,  
Loving the flowers with rapturous eyes;  
Humming-birds vanish,  
Bees, honey laden,  
Dart away swiftly, forsaking their prize.

Down the cool wood-path,  
Where the lane closes,  
Shaded by maples, rippling with song,

## Songs

Comes the fair maiden,  
Laden with roses—  
Bright blooming roses to maidens belong!

### ARNE'S SONG

B EYOND the pine-topt hills  
My eager feet would wander;  
What dreams my spirit fills  
Of happy regions yonder!  
I see the wingèd clouds float by;  
They sometimes rest upon the hills,  
Upon the pine-topt hills,  
And then they rise and fly  
Beyond the pine-topt hills.

Beyond the pine-topt hills  
The clouds I fain would follow.  
Oh, how my bosom thrills  
To see the darting swallow!  
I would delight to leave my herds  
Beneath the shadow of the hills,  
Beneath the pine-topt hills,  
And wander freely as the birds  
Beyond the pine-topt hills.

## Songs

“Beyond the pine-topt hills,  
Come, brother,” sing the breezes;  
“For flesh obeys what spirit wills,  
And youth has what it pleases!”  
“Come, brother,” says the golden sun,  
And sinks behind the shadowy hills,  
Behind the pine-topt hills,  
And stars at night pass one by one  
Beyond the pine-topt hills.

### ON OGUNQUIT BEACH

THE restless tide creeps up the sands;  
Like vanishing clouds the ships sail by,  
In eager haste toward beckoning lands  
Across the dark blue sea they fly.  
And standing on the idle shore  
We watch the sea, we watch the sky,  
Changeless and changing evermore —  
We two alone, my love and I.

Our thoughts are deep, too deep for words: —  
We only with exultant eyes  
Follow the ships which, like great birds,  
Will proudly sail 'neath richer skies.

## Songs

We two would wander far away,  
Where jocund summer never dies,  
Where Love himself, each golden day,  
Holds in his hand some new surprise.

### THE BROOK

ALL the dreary winter long,  
Heeding not the ice and snow,  
Sang the brook his happy song,  
    Hushed and low:—  
    “Spring’s advancing;  
    Winter goes;  
    Sunbeams glancing  
    Melt the snows.  
Airs entrancing  
    South wind blows;  
    Brooklet knows!”

Tinkling like a crystal bell  
Rung by fairies underground,  
With a sweet mysterious spell  
    Did it sound:—  
    “Spring returning;  
    Joy is near;  
    Sweet is yearning;

## Songs

Dead is fear;  
Hope is burning  
All the year!  
Spring is here!"

And the willows cold and gray,  
Leaning o'er the ice-bound stream,  
Heard its singing every day

In a dream:—  
“Pussy willows,  
Sound asleep,  
Wrapt in pillows,  
Warm and deep.  
Life in billows;  
Feel it leap!  
Can you sleep?”

From the ground once brown and bare  
Forth the grass begins to look.

Soft and fragrant is the air;  
Hear the brook:—

“Birds are singing  
Merry glees;  
Boughs are swinging,  
Mild the breeze;  
Flowers are springing  
On the leas;—  
Just see these!”

## Songs

### THE SERENADERS

THE night wind sleeps, the leaves are still,  
The air is rich with breath of flowers;  
The moonlight creeps along the hill,—  
The waning moon of midnight hours.

We wake the night with voice of song,  
Beneath the windows of the fair;  
The world is bright, and love is long,  
And youthful hearts are free of care!

### SERENADE

THE hour is late, and the moon  
Hangs faint and low o'er the hill,  
The great white stars in the sky  
Are shining calm and still.

The houses and the street  
Are dark and silent and lone;  
But one light gleams through the night—  
My lady is watching — my own!

I lean on the wicket gate,  
And silently breathe a prayer,  
That the angels of the night  
May guard the dear one there.

## Songs

### SERENADE

'T IS evening, and the month is June!  
Like a golden shield the moon  
Hangs above the dark blue deep;  
Weary winds are lulled to sleep;  
Solemnly the breakers roar  
On the shadowy rock-bound shore:—  
    Come with me!

Above us tranquil planets shine  
With a witchery divine,  
And the night's mysterious calm  
Seems to pour a peaceful balm  
Over all the sea and land:—  
Come, my maiden, hand in hand,  
    Come with me!

The languid breeze, with dewy wings,  
Sweet perfume of roses brings; |  
All the air is rich with flowers  
Blooming in the mild night hours;  
All around, below, above,  
Dreams a rapturous dream of love:—  
    Come with me!

## Songs

### SONG TO THE LONE BIRD

L ONLY bird upon the tree,  
(Ah, the tree has not a leaf !)  
Thou dost sing so mournfully,  
Tell me why thy grief !

Lonely bird upon the tree,  
(Ah, the tree is stript and bare !)  
Comes no answer back to thee  
Through the frosty air ?

Lonely bird upon the tree,  
(Ah, the leafless tree is dead !)  
Hast thou but a memory ?  
Has thy darling fled ?

Lonely bird upon the tree,  
(Ah, the tree will fall ere long !)  
All the meaning teach to me  
Of thy plaintive song !

### AUF WIEDERSEHEN

*DIE Nacht enteilt; der Mond verblassst;  
Im Morgenrot' die Wolken gehen;  
Die gold'ne Stund' flieht ohne Rast:—  
“Auf baldiges Wiedersehen !”*

## Songs

*Doch muss ich scheiden, liebes Herz!  
Niemand kann seinem Loos entgehen;  
Einen letzten Kuss mit süßem Schmerz  
Und dann: "Auf Wiedersehen!"*

The hour is late; low hangs the moon;  
The stars are fading from the sky;  
The golden night has sped too soon:—  
How can I say, "Good bye?"

Yet must I leave thee, dearest Heart!  
We may not vainly question why;  
One last embrace before we part,  
And then, "Good bye, Good bye!"

### STILL MY HEART IS THINE

O H, well do I remember  
How we wandered from the hill,  
And followed down the lonely path  
Beside the singing rill.  
At length we reached the lily pond  
Above the ruined mill,  
And there upon the bank we sat  
Where all was cool and still.

## Songs

The breath of lilies sweet  
Crept round our calm retreat;  
The birds sang carols of love  
And in the branches above  
We heard the locust shrill.  
Ah! Love, 'twas love we found  
In every sight and sound,  
And Love must have his will.

I know not what we whispered,  
Or if we spoke a word;  
The love song of the universe  
Was sung by every bird,  
And joy was echoed in our hearts  
At every note we heard.  
The music of the waterfall  
The branches lightly stirred.  
The lilies so white and pure  
Told that love would endure  
And youth would ever stay:—  
It seems but yesterday —  
And years have passed away!  
Yet still thine eyes meet mine,  
I see the lovelight shine  
As tho' it were to-day!  
And still my heart is thine.

## Songs

### LOVE'S ASSURANCE

WHENE'ER I look into thy calm gray eyes  
Thy love smiles to me from their depths  
serene.

A heaven behind their curtain lies—  
A paradise;  
And there thy soul is seen,  
My queen!

Whene'er I hold thy shapely, firm, white hand,  
Its pressure accents what thy words impart,  
Else were it hard to understand.

In all the land  
None knows what to my heart  
Thou art!

Whene'er I walk in joyous thought alone  
Thou still art with me, walking by my side.  
The silence hears the very tone  
Whereby thou'rt known  
Across an ocean wide,  
My bride.

Time cannot, distance cannot, break our bond;  
Here or hereafter thou art only mine;  
If here we part we meet beyond.  
Do not despond;  
Our love in worlds divine  
Shall shine.

## Songs

ALL THE BLOSSOMS GREET HER

ALL the blossoms greet her  
As she passes by;  
Roses bend to meet her,  
Daisies nod and sigh:—  
“She is far above us,  
No, she will not care;  
Will not stoop to love us—  
Maiden pure and fair.”

As she comes, the thrushes,  
Hidden in the tree,  
Break the noontide hushes  
With their minstrelsy:—  
“Will she deign to hear us?  
No, she will not care;  
Will not venture near us—  
Maiden pure and fair.”

And I wait, half hiding,  
In the bosky lane.  
Shall I speak, confiding  
In a hope that's vain?  
Birds have songs to sing to her,  
Flowers their perfumes bear.  
What have I to bring to her—  
Maiden pure and fair?

## Songs

Now she draweth nearer;  
Roses crown her brow,  
All the birds sing clearer—  
They are answered now.  
And her gentle greeting  
Bids me not despair;  
How my heart is beating!  
Maiden pure and fair!

### IN MAY MY DREAM CAME TRUE

I SAT by the brimming river;  
Blithe and early was the spring;  
The waters danced and sparkled,  
And I heard the robins sing.  
The south wind stirred the branches  
Of the maples plumed with green,  
And the beauty of the springtime  
Filled with glory all the scene.

Along the river margin  
Came a maiden pure and fair;  
The sunlight like a halo  
Touched her wayward golden hair,

## Songs

The wild flowers bent to greet her  
As her footsteps kissed the grass,  
The wood-birds sang their sweetest  
When they saw the maiden pass.

I sat by the brimming river  
And I watched its sunny gleams;  
Blue eyes and golden tresses  
Shone responsive in my dreams.  
A voice that spoke like music,  
In a tone my spirit knew,  
Awoke me from my dreaming, —  
And in May my dream came true.

## FERN GHOSTS

UNDER the brow of Monadnock  
These ferns came up in spring,  
Curled like the crook of a shepherd  
Daintily blossoming.

Pale, now, and yellow and ghost-like  
They linger like dreams of the past,  
They tell of a radiant summer  
And a love too sweet to last.

## Songs

### A FLIGHT OF HOURS

**T**O-DAY from the south came a flight of hours  
    Of golden hours with welcome wings;  
And where they passed grew fragrant flowers,  
    And the sunbeams laughed on a thousand springs.

The gnarled trees on the windy hill  
    Put forth a wonder of radiant white;  
The meadow, yesterday bare and still,  
    Was suddenly filled with the birds' delight.

And maidens forgot to be shy and cold  
    When they heard the birds, when they saw the  
        flowers,  
And many a secret love was told—  
    Because of a flight of sunny hours.

### THE OLD STONE WALL

**A**CROSS the windy hill,  
    And down the gentle valley  
Where the wind is hushed and still,  
    And pleasant waters dally,  
Marked by stains of countless rains,  
    Green moss and ivy clothing all,  
Stretches out my grandsire's pride—  
    The old stone wall.

## Songs

How often when a boy,  
When summer days were sunny,  
I sat in idle joy  
And ate my bread and honey.  
High o'erhead the white clouds sped ;  
I heard the black crows caw and call.  
Ah, what a cooling shade it gave —  
The old stone wall.

And then one starry night  
The homestead I was leaving,  
And life for me shone bright,  
But my sweet lass was grieving :—  
“Do not weep, my troth I’ll keep,”  
I said to her, “whate’er befall.”  
And so we kissed and parted by  
The old stone wall.

## DREAM MUSIC

A S one who sees a vision  
In the watches of the night,  
A dream of things elysian,  
Of rapturous delight —  
As one whose life ideal  
Comes forth serene and bright,

## Songs

The unreal more than real  
To the quickened second sight—  
Then, waking, has the yearning  
To dream the dream again,  
To know the sweet returning  
Of the form recalled in vain;  
So I awake from my slumbers  
With a vague unrest and pain,  
For strange celestial numbers,  
For a song with a weird refrain.

It haunts me like a spirit  
From the vast halls of sleep,  
By day I cannot hear it,  
Its words I cannot keep.  
But oh! if I might word it  
'T would make thee smile and weep,  
With smiles that thou hadst heard it,  
With tears for its pathos deep.  
And when thou hearest the singing  
Of the merriest birds in May,  
Or the solemn church bells ringing  
In minsters far away,  
Then know that richer and sweeter  
Are the words of my roundelay,  
And its harmony completer  
Than any that minstrels play.

## Songs

### CONWAY MEADOWS

WE sat mid the bee-haunted clover;  
The field was dancing with light;  
The wind sang under and over  
The bee-haunted blossoms of clover.  
The wind is a wanton rover—  
His heart is free and light.

We sat mid the blossoming clover  
With the dreamy stream at our feet,  
And the willows bending over,  
And the lengthening mountain shadows  
Came creeping across the meadows—  
Dost thou remember, Sweet?

### SUNSET

THE setting sun  
O'er cloud and hill  
His golden beams is flinging;  
The day is done,  
The mill is still,  
The robins all are singing.  
Oh, how their bosoms thrill,  
And how the woods are ringing!

## Songs

I sit alone,  
    My window near,  
Alone I sit, half dreaming;  
The birds have flown,  
    The stars appear,  
I see the mill-pond gleaming;  
    The Past is with me here,  
My eyes with tears are streaming.

## SPRING RAPTURE

THE air is stirred  
    By winnowing wings,  
And every bird  
    Exulting sings;  
Robin and jay  
    With eager throats  
Bring in the day  
    With welcome notes.

Upon the sky  
    Soft cloudlets sleep,  
And swallows fly  
    From deep to deep;  
The wild geese cry  
    In dizzy heights

## Songs

And prophesy  
The spring's delights.

The grass grows green  
On field and hill,  
And buds are seen  
With life to thrill.  
When everything  
Is full of cheer  
I too must sing,  
Tho' no one hear.

### SUMMER EVENING

THE sky is aglow with colors untold,  
With a triumph of crimson and opal and gold,  
And wavering curtains woven of fire  
Are hung o'er the portals of Day's Desire.  
The sun goes to rest in his western halls  
And over the world the twilight falls.

The breezes sleep on the grassy pond,  
And shadows rove thro' the grove beyond;  
The robins carol in rapture of love,  
And the martins dart thro' the splendor above.  
Oh twilight marvel! mysterious hour!  
Our hearts are swayed like the sea by thy power!

## Songs

### SUMMER FLOWERS

O H summer flowers, sweet summer flowers,  
Too soon ye fade away;  
Ye cannot hold the flying hours  
That make your little day.

Oh summer flowers, fair summer flowers,  
Laugh while the skies are bright;  
And sip the rich, refreshing showers  
That cool the sultry night.

Oh summer flowers, gay summer flowers,  
Be fragrant while ye may;  
Sweet while ye last are woodland bowers,  
But soon ye fade away.

### AUTUMN IS QUEEN

THERE is a lane behind the hill  
That leads to woodlands hushed and still.  
The mossy path, o'er-trailed with vines,  
Slopes gently down 'neath murmuring pines.  
Its shady haunts are green with ferns,  
While now the brilliant maple burns.  
The asters and the goldenrod  
In royal colors proudly nod.

## Songs

The barberry flaunts its ruddy fire,  
Red jewels swing from every brier.  
Great purple grapes in clusters hang  
Where late the wood-thrush sweetly sang.  
The Autumn, with her wand of gold,  
Will now her yearly revel hold!

### AUTUMN MORNING

THE morning air is chill with rain,  
The sky is clouded o'er,  
The foamy billows dash in vain  
Upon the reef-bound shore.

The ships sail on across the bay,  
Careening in the wind;  
How brave and full of hope are they  
To leave the port behind!

The fisher, in his tossing boat,  
Heeds not the ocean wild;  
Wrapt snugly in his tarry coat  
He dreams of wife and child.

But I sit lone upon the sands  
And watch the climbing tide;  
I long to fly to distant lands,  
Across the waters wide.

## Songs

### FORETASTE OF WINTER

**T**HREE'S a gleam of frost on the meadow,  
And snow on the hill beyond,  
And lightly, like a shadow,  
Lies the feathery ice on the pond.

There's a chill in the breath of morning,  
A chill in the quiet of noon,  
And from cold gray clouds, like a warning  
Of snow, falls the call of the loon.

### AUTUMN SONG

**T**HE leaves fall one by one,  
Though the wind is dead and still,  
The gray clouds hide the sun,  
And the autumn air is chill.  
  
But what care you and I, my love,  
For all the changing weather?  
The darkest clouds may fly, my love,  
If we are still together.

The birds to the South have flown,  
And their songs have ceased in the land,  
Silent — and bare — and lone  
The trees of the orchard stand.

## Songs

But what care you and I, sweetheart,  
And why should moods annoy us?  
The darkest days will fly, sweetheart,  
For our hearts are always joyous.

The waves along the shore  
Are breaking upon the rocks,  
With melancholy roar,  
And despair as of battle shocks.  
But what care you and I, my love,  
For waves and gloomy weather?  
The darkest storms will fly, my love,  
And leave our hearts together.

### THE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER

ON a barren isle in the midmost main,  
Where the waves chant ever their wild refrain,  
Uncheered by a tree or a single flower,  
Rises aloft my lonely tower.

Afar rolls the sea, till it touches the sky;  
Afar the white-winged ships sail by;  
They rise and fall on the restless swell,  
And where they come from who can tell?

## Songs

By day they mark my lonely isle  
By the stately height of my granite pile;  
And at night they see the friendly gleam  
Of my yellow light o'er the billows stream.

Winter and summer, year on year,  
Have I dwelt on this desert island drear;  
My mate and I have stood by the tower,  
And watched through the long nights, hour by hour.

Storms have swept from the lowering east,  
The ocean has raged like a maddened beast,  
Treacherous fogs have gathered around,  
And deadened the alarm bell's mournful sound.

Still by the lighthouse have I staid,  
And when danger pressed my heart has prayed,  
Knowing full well that the Father's hand  
Rules at sea and rules on the land.

But ah! when summer days have smiled  
I have longed for the voice of wife and child;  
But never a wife or child have I,  
And a lonely man I shall live and die.

## Songs

### SONGS OF MAIZE

#### I

O H, sing of the corn —  
Of the yellow Maize,  
How it bends and sways  
In the breeze of morn,  
Tall and noble, with tapering spear,  
Curling leaf and golden ear;  
O'er the length and breadth of this bountiful land,  
Beautiful gift of the Father's hand.

Fountain of blessings, Maize, to thee !  
Sing we, bring we our lays to thee !  
Joyous and eloquent praise to thee !  
Pæans of triumph we raise to thee !  
Hail to the corn !

#### II

Thou wert here to welcome the Pilgrim band  
Tost by the tempest and wearied sore,  
In that tiny bark by Courage manned,  
Guided by Fate to an unknown shore.  
When the Winter raged in his Arctic strength  
And bowed the forests with icy blasts,  
And their scanty stores were spent at length,  
And Death was the meed of their bitter  
fasts —

## Songs

Then kernel by kernel the kind corn parched  
And burst from yellow to shell-like white,  
And under the wintry sky that arched  
Like doom above them, they praised God's  
might.

### III

Cast without care  
In rudest rows,  
Wherever the share  
Thro' the clearing goes,  
Tall and fair  
The bright corn grows.

Hew the trees down!  
A cabin build!  
Skies smile or frown,  
Thy land is tilled,  
And the mould rich and brown  
With the Maize is filled!

### IV

Skies grow gray;  
Short the day;  
With the sickle reap away!  
Reap the corn;

## Songs

Bind in sheaves  
Ears and leaves;  
Rich the harvest man receives;  
It is Plenty's overflowing horn!

Ripe and dry,  
Pile it high,  
Now the creaking wain goes by  
To the barn!  
Fields once fair  
Now are bare,  
Only stubble lingers there!

On the floor,  
More and more,  
Bustling with the rustling store,  
Lay the corn!  
Splendid gain!  
Golden grain  
Flowing from the loaded wain;  
It is Plenty's overflowing horn!

### v

Hither! merry men and maids!  
Come at even, young and single!  
Eyes will sparkle, cheeks will tingle,

## Songs

'T is the Autumn Husking-bee!

Give your aid!

Who 's afraid,

If a purple ear one see?

Jocund speech and racy song,

Ripples of light silvery laughter

Circling round the dusty rafter;

Who would ask

Brighter task

Than to husk with such a throng?

Follows now the country dance;

Strike up, Jerry, with your fiddle!

Swiftly up and down the middle

Gayly skip,

Smile on lip,

Youth and maid, retreat, advance!

Then along the dusky lane,

Minding not the nipping weather,

Shy young couples stroll together.

Love confest,

Love is blest

With the husking of the grain!

Vers de Societe  
Æ



## THE POVERTY PARTY

A UTUMN it was and the evenings were long;  
Sure it was time for a wee bit of fun;  
Music and dancin' can never be wrong  
When the day's labor is over and done.  
Twenty-four couple we gathered in all  
At the Poverty Party at Papineau's Hall.

All of us poor folk, but all of us young,  
High beat our hearts with the joy of full life;  
None of us lads but was secretly stung —  
Stung with the hope of possessin' a wife.  
Never again will such pleasure befall  
At a young people's party at Papineau's Hall.

Cornet and organ made music divine;  
Smooth was the floor and bright the lamps gleamed;  
Brighter than stars did Peggy's eyes shine;  
She was the lassie of whom my heart dreamed,  
She was the gayest, the belle of the ball,  
At the Poverty Party at Papineau's Hall.

Waltzes and schottishes, polkas and reels,  
Followed each other like gems on a crown;  
Peggy paid heed to my fervent appeals,

## Vers de Societe

Ten times or more I wrote her name down.  
And I took her to supper and carried her shawl,  
At the Poverty Party at Papineau's Hall.

Late was the hour when the party was done,  
Yet the last dance would none of us miss;  
Seein' 'em home was the cream of the fun.  
Peggy — she gave me her first little kiss.  
Now we are old, but we often recall  
The Poverty Party at Papineau's Hall.

## UNDER THE AWNING

'T WAS a summer evening, cool and charming;  
Every seat upon the Common held its blissful  
twain;  
Boomed the beetles by them quite alarming,  
And the foliage rustled like the dropping of the  
rain.

Perfumes from the buds of roses rising  
Woke ecstatic raptures from the rose lips of the  
fair.  
That soft hands were claspt is not surprising,  
Nor that waists were clipt and kisses stolen un-  
aware.

## Vers de Societe

I too sat with Mary 'neath the awning,  
While the sickle moon with Venus gemmed the  
golden West;  
And I felt the tender passion dawning,  
Like a moonrise o'er the heaving ocean of my  
breast.

"Dearest Mary, wilt thou be my star, pet?  
Yes, I vow, 'tis thou alone on earth whom I  
adore!  
When we're married, Mary, not a carpet  
Need we have upon our lovely inlaid wooden  
floor!"

Ah! how confidentially we whispered,  
Cheek to cheek, while melancholy toads chirped in  
the trees,  
And our mothers not the slightest lisp heard  
As they sat within the parlor, talking charities.

Many years are garnered since we planned it,  
That our house should have no carpet on the inlaid  
floor.  
Gentle reader, canst thou understand it?  
I was six then, and my neighbor, Mary, she was  
four.

## Vers de Societe

### LONG AGO

I REMEMBER the grove near the village  
Which the brook ran murmuring through,  
And the shady retreat by the still edge  
Of the pond where the willows grew.  
In springtime, in summer, I went there—  
I wonder if any one knew  
Of the many long hours that I spent there,  
First with Mary, and then, Maud, with you!

The flowers that grew on the hillside  
Seemed fragrant as those of Cathay,  
The breeze o'er the bright daffodils sighed—  
Or were they but buttercups gay?  
The pond the lily-pads covered,  
The lilies gleamed white in the sun,  
And above them the dragon-fly hovered,  
Like the flash of a scintillant pun.

Ah, Maud, how the birds used to sing there,  
In the trees that kissed overhead!  
Kissed? *We* never did any such thing there—  
“ ‘T was too improper,” you said.  
But I brought you gay flowers by the lapful,  
And wove graceful crowns for your hair,  
While you filled the band of my cap full,  
And gave me a garden to wear.

## Vers de Societe

Oft we sat on the slope (eating sorrel!)  
While the wind in the pine branches sobbed,  
And the mischievous squirrel would quarrel  
With the robin whose nest he had robbed.  
But we thought not of quarrels in those years,  
Nor heeded the sighs of the pine,  
Any more than the chubs mid the osiers  
Ever dreamed of the fish-hook and line!

## SHELLING PEAS

(A SUMMER IDYL.)

AT the back door of the kitchen,  
Sitting on the foot-worn sill,  
Looking toward the pine woods which in  
Beauty crowned the westward hill,  
Thrilling 'neath the necromancy  
Of the south wind in the trees,  
Sat together Nick and Nancy,  
Eager rivals, shelling peas.

On the chestnut tree a squirrel  
Chuckles o'er his stolen nut,  
While two robins saw some peril  
(They could not have told you what)

## Vers de Societe

In the actions of a kitten  
Chasing her elusive tail:—  
Other rustic sights, unwritten,  
Charmed them as they stormed the pail.

Now, while Nancy's peas still held out,  
Nick had reached his very last,  
And with all his panful shelled out  
From his lap the dish he cast,  
Scaring off the careless neighbor's  
Chickens from the strawberry bed,  
Startling Grandma at her labors  
With the butter in the shed.

Then Nick took from blushing Nancy  
Half the peas as yet unshelled  
(He could in the polished pan see  
Pouting sweet rebellion quelled!)  
And together fingers nimble  
Quickly finished up the work.  
“Look,” cried Nick, “here is a symbol!  
In this pod predictions lurk.”

So he broke the smallest pea-pod:  
It contained two little peas.  
“See, my Nancy, we may reap odd  
Stalks of truth from things like these !

## Vers de Societe

These two peas are you and I, dear,  
Dwelling in one pod of bliss,  
Cool it looks and green, inside here;  
Would you like a home like this?"

Round the slender waist of Nancy  
Nick's insinuating sleeve  
With a thrill of joy, I fancy,  
Stole, and waited not for leave.  
And upon her lips he printed  
(In large type) a fervent kiss,  
While a sob from Nancy hinted  
Her deep ecstasy of bliss.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Hark! the cockerel from the Jones's  
Barnyard sings his loudest lay,  
And the Bantam cock intones his  
Wishes for "the happy day."  
And the half-oblivious couple  
Heed not jibe of beast or bird,  
Or the father coming up hill—  
Is not "Young Love" too absurd?

## Vers de Societe

### CONFSSION

**I**T was a charming day, my dear,  
An August day some years ago;  
From me you ran away, my dear,  
Down thro' the shaded walk you know.  
I saw your fluttering drapery  
White mid the sun-fleckt trees like snow.  
I followed to the grapery  
And there I found you all aglow.  
  
And when I kissed your cheek, my dear,  
To pay you for the way you sped,  
You pursed your lips to speak, my dear;  
Do you remember what you said?  
You said, "I love"—ah! yes, you did,  
Why then, I pray, this tell-tale red?  
You said, "I love"—confess you did!—  
"I love sweet grapes" was what I said."

### THE BEAU OF THE TOWN

**H**E once was young and gay,—  
A beau.  
But that was long ago;  
To-day  
He is very old and gray.

## Vers de Societe

His clothes were once the best;  
    His tile  
Was at the top of style;  
    His vest  
Was flowered upon his breast.

He then was tall and slim;  
    His eye  
Made all the maidens sigh  
    For him.  
It now is bleared and dim.

He drove a handsome pair  
    Of grays,  
And all men sang his praise;  
    The “heir”  
Had plenty and to spare.

He now is poor and lame  
    And bent;  
His sunshine friends all went,  
    And shame  
To take their places came.

The flowers upon his vest  
    Are rags;  
His coat is torn and sags.  
    The rest  
May easily be guessed.

## Vers de Societe

His youth was spent in vain;  
    His age  
Is like a blotted page;  
    His bane  
Was sparkling bright champagne.

### THE PEALING OF THE BELL

MY little lady went one day  
    A-sailing in a yacht  
Upon the waters of the bay —  
    'Twas summer time and hot.

The wind at first had promised well,  
    And filled the spinnaker;  
But ere they reached the Point it fell:  
    The craft seemed not to stir.

The skipper stood beside the wheel,  
    And cocked his weather eye,  
And wet his thumb if he might feel  
    A zephyr wandering by.

And while they drifted with the tide  
    A mile or so from shore,  
My little lady multiplied  
    Her stock of naval lore.

## Vers de Societe

She learned the different kinds of rig  
That on the deep are seen—  
“Hermorphodite” and sloop and brig,  
Schooner and barkentine.

She learned the terms that so confuse  
A maiden country bred:  
That “sheets” on ships they do not use  
To make a sailor’s bed.

That “come in stays” means merely “tack,”  
That booms are said to “jibe”—  
And many more which from the lack  
Of space I can’t describe.

And when a breeze sprang up at last,  
And gently ’gan to sough,  
She gazed at bowsprit and at mast,  
And cried, “She springs her luff !”

The skipper let her take the wheel,  
And steer the bonny craft;  
How proud the pilot fair did feel!  
How merrily she laughed!

Now “starboard” and now “hard-a-port”  
The wheel was swiftly turned.  
(Yes, steering was her special forte,  
I since have surely learned!)

## Vers de Societe

The breeze it blew, the blue waves danced,  
The graceful yacht careened,  
And still the burning sunbeams glanced  
From brow and nose unscreened.

What wonder that when morning came  
(The cruise a past delight!)  
My fair one's face was all aflame,  
Her dainty nose a sight!

But when the cuticle came off  
(Her nose was *retroussé*),  
I felt inclined to laugh and scoff,  
As fondest lovers may.

"My dear," said I, "you know full well  
What sore distress I feel,  
And yet 't is proper that a belle  
Like you should sometimes peal."

## BLOWING BUBBLES

AH! how far away and dreamy  
Are the summers of my youth;  
Ere I knew that life was seamy,  
Ere I learned the bitter truth.

## Vers de Societe

Golden-colored, free from troubles  
Were those days of long ago —  
But they vanished like the bubbles  
That we children loved to blow.

Often to the mossy house-top,  
High among the swaying elms,  
(Where no moment did the boughs stop  
Fencing as for airy realms),

Would we bring our bowl of water  
And our fragile pipes of clay —  
I and our next neighbor's daughter  
(She is dead now) — little May.

All around us rival thrushes  
Revelled in the lists of song,  
And the locust in noon hushes  
Shrilled his trumpet loud and long.

Far above us swept the swallows  
In swift races through the sky,  
Mid the cloud-land hills and hollows,  
Playing hide-and-seek on high.

Far below us lay the river  
With its placid azure gleam,  
Where the sunbeams all a-quiver  
Scarce disturbed its peaceful dream.

## Vers de Societe

Every rock and tree and dwelling,  
And the orchard, row by row,  
On the hillside upward swelling,  
Had its counterpart below.

We could see the shadows racing  
With the sunshine, frown with smile,  
Where the lindens interlacing  
Made a Gothic minster aisle.

And the quaint unpainted steeple  
Of the church that faced the green  
Seemed to watch the buried people  
Like the guardian of the scene.

On the house-top sat we gayly  
Blowing bubbles, unconcerned,  
As like vessels fashioned frailly  
Off they sailed and ne'er returned.

Breezes swept them in derision  
On their brief and brilliant flight;  
Then they vanished from our vision  
Like young hopes of dear delight.

Still I see that scene before me,  
And the fine old country-seat,  
And remembrance rushes o'er me,  
With its bitter and its sweet.

## Vers de Societe

Radiant hours of childish pleasures  
Catch the sunlight as ye will,  
Youth and age have different measures,  
But our joys are bubbles still.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

I FELL in love with Phyllis Browne;  
She was the nicest girl in town.  
Her father had a bank account  
Of a superfluous amount;  
And so the more I thought of it  
The clearer seemed the benefit  
That such a union would confer  
At least on me — perhaps on her.  
For she was pretty! Such a nose!  
Such grace of curves! Such tint of rose!  
Such sylph-like elegance of pose!  
Such sunny eyes of heavenly blue,  
With little cherubs peeping through!  
Such golden bangs! Oh, every such  
Was the superlative of much!

And educated! She could speak  
Italian, Spanish, Volapük,

## Vers de Societe

French, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch,  
Choctaw and Sanskrit, Latin, Greek;  
And every language born of Babel  
To read or speak them she was able.  
So learned, pretty,— rich besides,  
Yes, she would be the gem of brides!  
And I, tho' poor, had every taste  
The wealth of Croesus would have graced;  
So I resolved to risk my fate  
In winning such an equal mate.

At first my chances promised fair;  
She met me half-way everywhere;  
Accepted my civilities,  
And sometimes made me ill at ease  
When I, on parting, held her hand,  
And felt that mute “You understand,”  
Exprest by just the faintest squeeze.  
(I can not think she was a flirt,  
And yet she did it to my hurt!)

One day I crost the Rubicon  
And went to win my paragon.  
I rang her door-bell, inly bent  
On knowing if she would consent.  
She sent me down a little note,  
The coolest that she ever wrote.

## Vers de Societe

“Excuse me, please, from seeing you,  
I've something else that I must do;  
I'll see you later if we live.”  
I asked the footman if he knew  
Why such an answer she should give.  
The servant shrewdly shook his head;  
“She's busy, sir,” he gravely said,  
“Developing a negative.”

## SPEAKING FEATURES

**W**HENEVER I talk with my sweetheart  
She speaks with her great brown eyes;  
And if (and 't is often) I'm witty,  
A gladdening smile replies.

If (rarely) I grow sentimental,  
And out-Romeo Hamlet the Dane,  
With a golden-lined cloud on her forehead  
She frowns me to wisdom again.

And if I sing her some love song,  
And show all the feeling I can,  
The rose on her cheek is her “Thank you” :—  
Oh, I am a fortunate man!

## Vers de Societe

### SCHERZO

WOULD I keep the "I" from sight?  
Ay, I would blind it.  
For when self I lose aright,  
Then alone I find it.

### MEMORIES

A FADED flower will touch the key  
Of many a sacred memory:  
A yellowed note, a crumpled glove,  
Will call up visions of young love,  
And make the heart beat fast again  
At sweet remembrance mixt with pain.

### HAREBELLS

HOW wild the steep along the hill  
Where rocks grow bold and bolder!  
There harebells grow in fond alliance  
With pine trees looking down like giants,  
And every little crevice fill  
With purple bells that yet are still  
While nodding sweet defiance  
To every chance beholder.

## Vers de Societe

### THE SWALLOW

O F all the birds that swim the air  
I'd rather be the swallow;  
And, summer days, when days were fair,  
I'd follow, follow, follow  
The hurrying clouds across the sky,  
And with the singing winds I'd fly.  
  
My eager wings should need no rest  
If I were but a swallow;  
I'd scale the highest mountain crest  
And sound the deepest hollow;  
No forest could my pathway hide,  
No ocean plain should be too wide.  
  
I'd find the sources of the Nile,  
I'd seek the Liukiu Islands,  
Climb Chimborazo's snow-capt pile,  
And Scotland's rugged Highlands;  
I'd skim the sands of Timbuctoo;  
Constantinople's mosques I'd view.  
  
I'd revel mid the Isles of Greece—  
The pride of old Apollo,  
And circle round the bay of Nice,  
If I were but a swallow.  
And haunt the sunny fields of France—  
The vineyards merry with the dance.

## Vers de Societe

I'd see my shadow in the Rhine  
    Dart swiftly like an arrow,  
And catch the breath of eglantine  
    Along the braes of Yarrow;  
I'd roam the world and never tire  
    If I might have my heart's desire.

## THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

On the elm branch gayly swinging  
    Where the tender young leaves curl,  
Sits a Golden Robin singing:—  
    “Pretty girl,  
        Pretty, pretty, pretty girl.”

All day on the branch above me  
    While the purple leaves unfurl,  
He is asking: “Dost thou love me,  
    Pretty girl,  
        Pretty, pretty, pretty girl?”

Then he hears his brown mate's answer  
    From the hedge that skirts the lane:  
“Catch me, catch me, if you can, sir,  
    I can fly, though I am plain.”

## Vers de Societe

But he cares not as he swings there  
Mid the springtime's rush and whirl;  
Still he blithely clings and sings there,  
"Pretty girl,  
Pretty, pretty, pretty girl."

## MOONSHINE

THE red moon hangs on the sky  
Like the shield of a viking bold,  
And across the ocean waves  
Lies a track of molten gold.

It leads to the sea-king's realm,  
Beyond our eager sight,  
And there is his palace of pearl  
And his throne of diamond bright.

His chariot, dolphin-drawn,  
And his Tritons with puffed cheeks,  
Have never come to our shores  
Since the days of the gallant Greeks.

By the crest of the weed-fringed reefs  
No Naiads comb their hair,  
Nor now do the Sirens sing  
So treacherously fair.

## Vers de Societe

But follow that path of light  
    Beyond the tumbling main,  
And there will the mermaids dance  
    And the Sirens sing again.

### ON THE STREET

**A**S I walked the street,  
    Melancholy, lonely,  
Came the vision sweet  
    For a moment only.

Not a star was out,  
    Tho' the day was ended;  
Darkness as of doubt  
    From the clouds descended.

All my work had failed,  
    I was worn and weary;  
Skies of joy were veiled,  
    Night fell black and dreary.

Not a soul I knew  
    In the mansions splendid;  
Tithes of bitter rue  
    In my heart were blended.

## Vers de Societe

Then I caught the gleam  
    Of a heavenly vision,  
Brighter than a dream,  
    Of a scene elysian.

'T was a homelike room,  
    Rich and warm and cosy;  
Thro' the evening gloom  
    Streamed the firelight rosy.

Children sat around,  
    Gladness on their faces;  
There, thought I, abound  
    All the Christian graces.

Then a maiden fair  
    Came to draw the curtain.  
Breathless stood I there,  
    Trembling and uncertain.

With her hand upraised  
    And her pure face lifted,  
Spirit-like she gazed  
    Thro' the darkness rifted.

Then the curtain fell:  
    But that scene of gladness  
Worked a magic spell  
    On my cloudy sadness.

## Vers de Societe

Framed in rosy light,  
Still that unknown maiden  
Beams upon my sight,  
When with grief I'm laden.

As I walked the street,  
Melancholy, lonely,  
Came the vision sweet  
For a moment only.

## A CAMEO

QUEEN PENELOPE all the day,  
Weaves a robe of glistening white;  
“It is almost done,” her suitors say,  
“Soon shall we feast on the wedding night.”  
But in silent hours as her tears fall fast,  
She ravelles the woof, she begins anew;  
And thus fly the years until at last  
Odysseus comes, her hero true.

A garment of snow Dame Nature weaves,  
And when at night her spirit grieves  
Her tears melt the woven snow away;  
She begins again on another day.  
The north winds cold are the suitors bold  
But Summer comes ere the year grows old.

## Vers de Societe

### LOVE'S FIRE

WHAT a glowing fire  
Young Love kindles  
With the fuel  
Of desire!  
When 't is fairly started  
How he tends it!  
When it dwindleth  
How at first he mends it!

Is he tender hearted?  
Nay, he's cruel:  
For at last  
When the novelty is past,  
Weary grown  
Of the dying embers,  
He no more remembers  
That the fire was once his own.

Lets the flashes  
Fade in ashes  
Gray and cold!  
Young Love soon grows old —  
And that ends it.

## Vers de Societe

### LARKS AND NIGHTINGALES

A LONE I sit at eventide;  
The twilight glory pales,  
And o'er the meadows far and wide  
Chant pensive bobolinks.  
(One might say nightingales!)

Song-sparrows warble on the tree,  
I hear the purling brook,  
And from the old "manse o'er the lea"  
Flies slow the cawing crow.  
(In England 't were a rook!)

The last faint golden beams of day  
Still glow on cottage panes  
And on their lingering homeward way  
Walk weary laboring men.  
(Oh would that we had swains!)

From farmyards, down fair rural glades  
Come sounds of tinkling bells,  
And songs of merry brown milkmaids,  
Sweeter than oriole's.  
(Yes, thank you — Philomel's!)

## Vers de Societe

I could sit here till morning came,  
All thro' the night hours dark,  
Until I saw the sun's bright flame  
And heard the chickadee.  
(Alas! we have no lark!)

We have no leas, no larks, no rooks,  
No swains, no nightingales,  
No singing milkmaids (save in books) —  
The poet does his best.  
It is the rhyme that fails!

## TO CHLOE

SEE! I have returned thy picture  
As thou didst request.  
But I hold another, better,  
In my breast.

If I would, I can not send it;  
It will not depart.  
'T was thyself who didst engrave it  
On my heart.

## Vers de Societe

### ON RETURNING A BORROWED RING

If, while the world lay wrapped in sleep,  
And midnight stars begemmed the sky,  
From some far cavern dark and deep,  
Where delve and toil the Genii,  
My potent will could hither bring  
A giant ready to obey,  
By reason of my lady's ring  
And the strange magic of its sway:—  
What should be then my swift commands?  
What errands should he haste to run?  
What should he bring from Orient lands,  
Or trackless realms beyond the sun?

Ah! he should bring me sparkling gems  
In golden caskets chaste and rare,  
And brilliants set in diadems  
To glitter in my lady's hair.  
And every morning in her room  
A jar of roses he should set,  
Awaiting but her smile to bloom  
With fragrant crystal dewdrops wet.  
All should be lavished at her feet  
Without her knowing whence they came,  
And in her joy my love would meet  
A recompense without a name.

## Vers de Societe

But vain are wishes; rings are vain;  
No talisman wakes magic powers,  
And idle fancies bring but pain  
To lonely hearts in weary hours.  
So I my lady's ring restore:—  
'T is but a band of yellow gold  
Through which I see the world and more—  
So much the circlet small can hold!  
And if to me the Genie came,  
I were his slave (as I am thine!)—  
How could I dare to breathe thy name  
E'en should my longing lips incline?



# Sonnets





## IN THE OLD COUNTRY CHURCH

IS it a dream? Am I once more a child?

In this old church I worshipped long ago!

Again I feel the strange, delightful glow  
That filled my young heart with a radiance mild,  
While from the organ-loft the tones, beguiled

By skilful hands, harmoniously flow,

Now swelling high, now welling faint and low,  
As tho' harsh discords all were reconciled!

Outside, the graceful elm boughs softly sway;

Thro' the open windows breathes the summer  
breeze;

And in the hush before the people pray

I hear the murmur of a myriad bees.

Is it a dream? Am I a child to-day?

It verily seems so, as I bow my knees!

Ah! golden hours of childhood gone forever!

My brown-eyed, quiet little maiden there

Who feels but knows not what is meant by prayer  
The time must come when she too will endeavor  
Her weary heart from sad to-days to sever,

## Sonnets

To lift the burden of a present care;  
Then will she to the Father's house repair  
To find sure comfort. May it fail her never!

The summer breeze will sweep the cloudless sky;  
The yellow bees will hum among the elms;  
The mellow organ tones will swell and sigh;  
The priest will speak his words of counsel sweet  
To guide the wandering soul to heavenly realms:  
And thus each age its marvels doth repeat.

## RUSSIA

“Russia! Russia! I behold thee from my wondrous beautiful distance.”—GOGOL.

SATURNIAN mother! why dost thou devour  
Thy offspring, who by loving thee are curst?  
Why must they fear thee who would fain be first  
To add new glories to thy matchless dower?  
Why must they flee before thy cruel power,  
That punishes their best as treason's worst—  
The treason that despotic chains would burst—  
That makes men heroes who in slavery cower?

Upon thy brow the stars of empire burn;  
Thy bearing has a majesty sublime.  
Thy exiled children ever toward thee yearn;

## Sonnets

Nor should their ardent love be deemed a crime.  
O, mighty mother of men, to mildness turn,  
And haste the advent of a happier time!

### SIBERIA

“ **A** LL hope forego, O ye who enter here!”  
Here winds are sweet with breath of myriad  
flowers,  
The skies arch blue o'er lands of richest dowers,  
And all the fairest gifts of earth appear.  
All hope forego? Why, surely hope, not fear,  
Should view this land, whose belting Ural towers  
With wealth of gold and precious stones, and  
powers  
Of mighty rivers winding far and near!

Yet look! What mean those melancholy trains  
Of desperate men and sad-eyed women, looking  
back  
To bid that awful bourne a last farewell?  
O hear those groans, those sighs, those clanking  
chains,  
As on they drag along the hopeless track  
That leads, if not to death, to worse than hell!

## Sonnets

### TO AN IMPERILLED TRAVELLER

UNFLINCHING Dante of a later day,  
Thou who hast wandered thro' the realms of  
    pain  
And seen with aching breast and whirling brain  
    Woes which thou wert unable to allay,  
What frightful visions hast thou brought away:  
    Of torments, passions, agonies, struggles vain  
    To break the prison walls, to rend the chain—  
Of hopeless hearts too desperate to pray!

Men are the devils of that pitiless hell!  
Men guard the labyrinth of that ninefold curse!  
    Marvel of marvels! Thou hast lived to tell,  
In prose more sorrowful than Dante's verse,  
    Of pangs more grievous, sufferings more fell,  
    Than Dante or his master dared rehearse!

### IN THE WILDERNESS

AS one who, wandering thro' some tropic land,  
Content with all the tropic's languorous ease,  
    Amid the tangled maze of giant trees  
Chances on ruined temples, vast and grand,

## Sonnets

On broken sculpture hurled on every hand,—  
The fallen column and the crumbling frieze,—  
By man abandoned countless centuries,  
And marvels and can only silent stand,—

So I, rejoicing in thy sunny heart,  
Loving the danger of thy radiant eyes,  
Have heedless strayed into a realm apart,  
Deep hidden in thy life,—a ruined realm  
Of joys and hopes which years with death o'er-  
whelm,—  
And sorrow fills me with a dumb surprise.

## SORROWS

THE clouds which fleecy are and silver-lined,  
As high above us joyfully they fly,  
And seem like living creatures in the sky,  
Sporting and racing with the free, glad wind,  
When near us are but mists, damp and unkind,  
Which gloom the azure heaven, and coldly lie  
Upon the hills and fill the valleys. Ay,  
Thus sorrows are within the human mind.

For other's woes are tinted with romance;  
We watch them from afar and feel them not,  
Excepting as they shade the sun by chance,

## Sonnets

And add new zest to our delightful lot.  
But let them on us like a storm advance,  
How swiftly then our gladness do they blot!

### MIDSUMMER NOON

#### I

BENEATH the noontide sun the valleys lie,  
Swooning with heat and full of golden light;  
The swift-winged swallows cease their busy flight,  
Slow shadows across the dreamy landscape fly,  
As fleecy clouds drift o'er the azure sky.  
The robins sing no longer in the trees;  
From the wild alder floats the hum of bees;  
A locust shrills upon the elm near by.

The sweet-toned bell up in the square church tower  
Breaks on the silence, and the wooded hills  
Repeat the sound, which of the resting hour  
To mowers laboring in the hay-fields tells;  
Hanging upon some low-limbed tree the scythe,  
To lunch they hasten, weary and yet blithe.

#### II

Beneath the shadow of an old oak tree,  
My friend and I lie on the velvet grass:  
Amid the leaves the whispering breezes pass,  
And the small crickets chirp incessantly.

## Sonnets

The distant, cloud-like mountains we can see,  
Heaped on the west in deep diaphanous mass;  
And at our feet—a living sea of glass—  
The pond is sleeping in tranquillity.

Silent we are. The calmness of the scene,  
The quiet beauty of the summer day,  
Says more than any words that we can say.  
Silence means more to us than speech can mean.  
'T is joy enough against the oak to lean,  
And dream the perfect hours of peace away.

### THE TOMB OF TIME

#### I

IT was the midnight hour. I stood alone  
Beneath the stars in a deserted land,  
Where cold winds swept across the wastes of sand,  
Amongst the meagre herbage making moan.  
I saw a pyramid of polished stone,  
Black as the blackest ebony, and grand  
As though it had been built by God's own hand;  
A gloomy temple Death might call his own.

A portal was upon the northern side,  
And fiery letters in an unknown tongue;

## Sonnets

And from the arch a flaming censer hung,  
Which threw a baleful radiance far and wide.

I saw the massive gates were open flung,—  
I wished to enter, but my courage died.

### II

And as I pondered trembling, lo! there came  
Across the yellow sands a solemn throng;  
The air was burdened with a mournful song,  
And torches, flaming with a ghostly flame,  
Weird shadows cast upon an ebon frame,  
Whereon a coffin lay with trappings hung.  
With slow and solemn tread they moved along,  
And reached the portal of the mystic name.

They entered and I followed. With a clang  
The gates shut to, and thro' the vaulted hall  
The awful echoes, thundering, rang and rang,  
And died away in tones funereal.  
Then on my ear did saddening music fall,  
And tear-choked voices with an organ sang.

### III

A dirge they sang unto the year just dead,—  
The old year which had reached the Tomb of Time.  
I heard the organ and the voices chime,  
But not a dead year lifted up his head.

## Sonnets

Silent they lay as when they first were laid,  
With all their records of good deeds or crime,  
In niches fated by a Fate sublime;  
For Fate by even Time must be obeyed.

I saw them lying there, all cold and still  
Each in his place,—dead years, the vanished past.  
I saw the places kept for coming years  
Where crownless they should lie beside their peers.  
And lo! I saw there was one less to fill,  
For in his place the Old Year lay at last.

## QUESTIONINGS

### THE PESSIMISTIC ANNIHILATIONIST

FETTERED to earth and powerless to fly,  
I envy those white clouds with wide-stretched  
wings,  
Who, scornful of us earth-born, grovelling things,  
Exult in all the freedom of the sky.  
For what of liberty have such as I?  
What is the comfort aspiration brings,  
And what the glory that the poet sings?  
What can man do but lay him down and die?

## Sonnets

On all sides are we closely hedged about.  
We know not such a boon as liberty.  
Fools we! to dream of ever being free.  
Our highest aspirations end in doubt.  
Our so-called glory is a mockery;  
And Death itself is but a blotting out.

### THE PANTHEIST

What! Death a blotting out? Yes, thou art right;  
But so the stars are blotted out at morn,  
When in the east the joyous Day is born,  
And from her presence flees the gloomy Night.  
The stars are lost in more effulgent light.  
And what is life on earth but night forlorn?  
So when the day of death comes, Night is shorn  
Of its small glory by Day's greater might.

Dost thou not think that over all is One—  
A God, who rules amid the seeming rout,  
Who curves the steadfast circle of the sun,  
And whirls the myriad flaming worlds about?  
Canst thou, then, think thy life forever done,  
Because at death thy candle seems put out?

## Sonnets

### ÆOLIAN HARP TONES

*“solvitur acris hyemps grata vice veris et favoni.”*

THE south wind thro' my open window blows.  
It trembles into music on the strings  
Of an Æolian harp, and sweetly sings  
A quaint and mystic song, which louder grows,  
Then dies away, until so soft it flows,  
We hardly hear it. And the voice is Spring's!  
She to the waiting Northland comes! She brings  
The modest Mayflower and the fragile rose!

E'en now the birds among the trees are flying,  
And now the willows clothe themselves in green,  
And many a crocus in the field is seen.  
Far off unseen we hear the wild goose crying,  
The world is filled with Spring's own smile serene;  
For thus she greets us, swiftly hither hieing!

SAVONAROLA, 1498

SONG  
A Son some noble mountain height I stand  
And see the promise of a golden day,  
While still the vales below are cold and gray,  
And night hangs brooding o'er a sleeping land.

## Sonnets

I, conscious of the glory near at hand,  
With burning eyes of faith, exultant, stay  
To catch the first glimpse of the godlike ray  
Ere down the mount it leaps in progress grand.

Awake, ye dormant nations, now awake !  
Behold the sun of Truth is risen on high !  
Out from the bonds of superstition break,  
And claim the splendid prize of liberty !  
Forget the dead past for the future's sake ;  
Where falls the broken tree, there let it lie !

## ELEGY

### I

THE air is full of mournful melodies,  
As if the birds had left a song behind —  
A requiem which the melancholy wind,  
Transforming to Æolian harmonies,  
Repeats in whispers to the sobbing trees.  
Hark to the elegy of unwept tears —  
Of struggling hopes and of despairing fears —  
A poem played in tender minor keys.

The summer days are gone — the birds are fled.  
Upon the field and hill the grass is brown,  
The yellow leaves come fluttering softly down,

## Sonnets

And rustle on the path beneath the tread.  
The glories which were once the Summer's crown  
Are vanished, and the Summer now lies dead!

### II

The trees were royal in their autumn gold—  
Their robes were rich with orange and with red,  
Their banners proudly to the winds were spread,  
And to the Frost-king waved defiance bold.  
Yet now no more their boasted power they hold.  
Their little day of royalty was sped,  
Their little gleam of glory quickly fled,  
As passed the kingdoms of the kings of old.

With leaden clouds the sky is dark and gray;  
The rain falls on the faded, yellow leaves.  
With bitter teardrops saddened Nature grieves—  
She weeps because her beauty fades away.  
Is this the future which the buds of May  
Gave promise of? Ah, smiling Spring deceives!

### III

Yet as the day is drawing to its close,  
And as the Sun sinks in the arms of Night—  
Among the clouds appear great rifts of light,  
And all the gray is glorified with rose,

## Sonnets

The hue of hope, which fainter, fainter, grows,  
Until at last it vanishes from sight.

Then on the yellow sky, divinely bright,  
The sickle moon above the horizon glows.

How soon forgot the sadness of the day!

Night hides beneath the shadow of her wings  
The presence of the demon of decay,

And throws her mantle over dying things;  
The spirit of life and love stirs in our clay,

For we behold Night's star-dust in endless  
rings

And only see the stars — Night's coronet!

## THE DREAMERS

SOME men are dreamers born; their mystic souls  
In visions never realized are wrapt.

They for the life around them are inapt,  
Like hermits idly reading mystic scrolls.

Where angel heads glow with their aureoles,

Or strange lands are mysteriously mapt

With mighty streams and mountains thundercapt,  
Or where the organ fugue silently rolls.

## Sonnets

Alas, these dreamers! How the world goes by them,  
With all its living joys and living sorrows.  
And as they watch for never-coming morrows,  
They lose what ought to bless and sanctify them.  
For while the Future dazzling promise borrows,  
The wasted golden Present lingers nigh them.

### BEETHOVEN

#### I

WHERE art thou now, O master, where art thou?  
Is thy soul busied with the harmonies  
Which God hides in those rolling stars of his,  
Silent to us — to thee apparent now?  
Where art thou now, O master, where art thou?  
The world has missed thee long, and none there is  
To be, like thee, the Priest of Mysteries,  
And wear the diadem upon the brow.

And yet the world is full of thee. Thy name  
Is synonym for highest in thine art,  
And brighter thro' the coming years shall shine.  
Would I might add a little wreath of mine —  
Alas, how insignificant a part —  
To place within the temple of thy fame.

## Sonnets

### II

I love the ocean's glorious symphonies  
In nature's everlasting solitudes;  
The deep adagio of its peaceful moods;  
Its light allegro when the white caps rise;  
Its minor when the sunset zephyr dies;  
Its mighty major when the storm cloud broods  
And sweeps the straining harp-strings of the woods,  
And far on high the foaming water flies!

So when Beethoven's magic music swells,  
Like voices of the angels heard in sleep,  
My spirit to its utmost depths is stirred  
As though a more majestic sea I heard,  
As though some sunken city's silver bells  
Swung palpitating in the purple deep.

### THE STORKS

AT midnight, when the sleeping world is still,  
And bright-eyed stars, like watchmen, guard  
the sky,  
And look down calmly from their posts on high  
O'er field and forest, ocean, stream, and hill,—

## Sonnets

From ruined tower and long-deserted mill  
Uprise the friendly, wide-winged storks, and fly  
Straight to the sunny lands which southward lie,  
Beyond man's ken, beyond all thought of ill.

Man would not harm them: they are sacred things.  
Their scarlet bills and scarlet legs are known  
From Nile to Ganges; and from Rhine to Rhone  
Is heard the flapping of their dusky wings.  
They are affection's symbol; for, Love sings,  
The mother stork will perish for her own.

## THE REIGN OF SATURN

*"aurea prima sata est aetas qua vindice nullo  
sponte sua, sine lege, fidem rectumque colebat."*

THE legend says that in the golden time  
When Saturn's sceptre blest the blooming earth,  
Men's hearts were filled with overflowing mirth,  
And love and peace dwelt in that happy clime.  
For never yet had thought of war or crime  
In simple guileless bosoms had its birth,  
And never yet had cruel, wasting Dearth  
Dared enter where reigned Plenty in her prime.

## Sonnets

Men lived as brothers, and their lives were long;  
Their lives were free from discord, free from  
care.

All day the woodlands echoed to the song;  
And sounds of feasting filled the evening air.  
And often came the glorious gods among  
These happy men, their sweet delights to share.

*"postquam Saturno tenebrosa in Tartara misso  
sub Jove mundus erat."*

But Jove against his father Saturn rose,  
And harshly drove him from his ancient throne.  
Then wandered forth the crownless god alone,  
His hoary head bent low with weight of woes,  
Leaving his kingdom to his sons,—his foes.  
Sad was it for the world when he was gone.  
Peace from the mourning earth, and joy were  
flown.  
War on the heels of Hatred followed close,  
And Famine spread her black wings o'er the land.  
O then, those miserable men were fain  
To have their father Saturn come again;  
Were fain to have the feet of Plenty stand  
In her old Temple; and dread Famine bound.  
Alas! alas! their wishes were in vain.

## Sonnets

### AT MIDNIGHT'S MYSTIC HOUR

#### I

AT midnight's mystic hour I climbed the hill  
Whose farther slope dips gently to the shore.  
Like a vast prayer the solemn ocean's roar  
Rose ceaseless from the rocks; all else was still—  
So still that I could hear the young grass thrill  
As from the whispering night air, warm once more,  
It won the impulse from the ground to soar—  
As if, poor rooted thing, it might at will!

A few great stars begemmed the tender sky,  
And, like the swords of serried Seraphim  
Drawn up for battle far away from earth,  
The Northern Lights flamed to the zenith high  
And swept in triumph to the horizon's rim,  
While in the east a meteor died in birth.

#### II

I flung myself upon the dewy ground  
And fixt mine eyes upon the mighty maze  
Of twinkling constellations, and the blaze  
Of flaming swords that crossed without a sound—  
So far, so weird, so changeful, in profound

## Sonnets

Obedience to the unknown Power that sways  
The universe, and that the planets praise  
As swift they circle in their endless round.

There as I prostrate lay and strove to scan  
The scope of those fierce forces bound to law,  
And felt the joy of inexpressible awe  
At such a divine weft of rhythmic plan,  
A tiny night moth fluttering by I saw  
And wondered if God had less care for man.

### A PAGAN SONNET

THE silent mountains, purple robed, like kings,  
Stand waiting for the coming of the night.  
They feel her solemn presence as the light  
Fades slowly from their crowns. The sun-god flings  
His last red beams, tingeing the silver wings  
Of clouds rejoicing in their eastward flight.  
Will they be first to see his chariot bright  
Emerging from the ocean, when he brings  
His bride, the Day, to glad the world again?  
Ah! soon they vanish from our yearning sight,  
In darkness flying on, their fate the wind.  
The rosy hues of hope are fond and vain.  
Fate is relentless; love is quenched in night.  
Farewell, ye clouds, to your own future blind!

## Sonnets

### EVENING

THE crimson glow has faded from the west;  
Deep shadows lie along the glassy stream,  
In whose cool depths green banks and daisies dream  
Of green banks and of daisies which are blest  
With real existence and with perfect rest,  
While they themselves are not, but only seem.  
The katydids pipe up their cheerful theme;  
The bird is sleeping in her woven nest,  
And near her sighs the melancholy breeze.  
The fire-flies, like lost, wandering Pleiades,  
With intermittent light dart through the trees.  
The evening stars smile down with radiant eyes,  
And fiery swords wave on the northern skies,  
As if to guard the Aurora's Paradise.

### IN A CANOE

#### I

DOWN in the sea caves sinks the dying sun,  
The restless waves are tinged with Tyrian hue,  
And purple clouds are hung upon the blue  
Of heaven, until the heaven and sea are one.  
Where ends the sea? Where is the sky begun?  
I, floating in an Indian canoe,  
With all these glories round me, with the view

## Sonnets

Expanding as the waves I ride upon  
Lift up their haughty heads, could I not sail,  
Until I reached the line where sea and sky  
Are blended into one infinity?  
Could I not float out on the sea of space,  
And learn new wonders from behind the veil  
Which hides from us God's everlasting face?

### II

The day fades and the solemn, mystic night  
Broods with her thousand stars upon the ocean;  
The winds are hushed,—calmed is the waves'  
commotion;  
The crescent moon pours out her jar of light  
Upon the waters. Clouds as silvery white  
As angels' wings, float with the softest motion  
Across the sky and pay their deep devotion  
Unto their queen, enthroned on heaven's height.

O Sea — thou symbol of almighty power!  
O Night — thou majesty of majesties!  
My soul is humbled at this solemn hour,  
Surrounded by thine awful mysteries.  
May my vain yearning slowly die away  
As dim Night took the sceptre from the Day.

## Sonnets

### THE STORM

FROM some far valley of the West arise  
The storm clouds like the hordes of Tamerlane,  
And marching on in awful silence gain  
The zenith-posted fortress of the skies.  
The courier wind on wingèd courser flies  
And brings the pelting volleys of the rain.  
And then the loud-voiced thunder bursts amain  
And echoes on the circling hills, and dies.

The mighty hosts of Nature cannot spare.  
They hasten on to work their destined death—  
Across the summer seas the darkness sweeps,  
The white-sailed boats go down before its breath;  
From heaven the jagged lightning blindly leaps  
Nor heeds the agony of human prayer.

### BREEZES

SOME people meet us like the mountain air,  
And thrill our souls with freshness and delight;  
And others are like cooling winds of night  
To fan the heated brow of busy care;

## Sonnets

And some are like the summer breezes, rare  
With perfumes, breathing from the gardens bright  
Where flowers are blooming, far beyond our sight.  
And so we know the gardens must be fair.

And such we welcome when the day is done,  
And gentle melancholy seasons mirth,  
When fading tints across the gray sky run,  
And darker shadows brood upon the earth.  
Then deep heart confidences have their birth,  
And holy, life-long friendships are begun.

## THE NETHERLAND MARTYRS, 1535

### I

**A**MID the flames their souls were full of cheer,  
And, facing the dark mystery of death,  
Unflinchingly they clung unto their faith,  
No whit relenting at the beck of fear.  
And while the crowd stood round to mock and jeer,  
These martyrs blest them with their dying breath,  
Remembering what the Holy Scripture saith:—  
For they were noble men although austere.

## Sonnets

They died — unhonored for their constancy.

Brave men were they; yet no one mourned or wept.

They suffered for the sake of liberty;

And in their death, their deathless fame is kept.

But had they lived, their story would have slept  
Uncared for in the tomb of history.

## II

The faith they held was bigoted and blind.

The God they worshipped was a cruel God.

A rugged and a weary path they trod;

And life's delights they, murmuring not, resigned.

So when the summons came to leave behind

Life's bitterness, they bowed beneath the rod,

And gladly laid aside the fettering clod —

A martyr's never-fading crown to find.

Their names are lost to us, but their example

Flames like a beacon thro' the mist of ages,

And bids us bravely stand when men would trample

Upon our faith, and overthrow our altars;

When fiery persecution round us rages,

And when our courage under trial falters.

## Sonnets

### SPANISH SONNETS

#### I

FOR many a day my heart no song has sung,  
For many a day my lips no music made;  
The harp which oft of old my fingers played  
Is silent, with its silver strings unstrung.

Ah, wearily the sad days drag along,  
With never a ray of joy their gloom to cheer;  
Alone I sit and mingle sigh with tear;  
Alone I sit and nurse my fancied wrong.

But mayhap she, the cause of all my woe,  
Is grieving that her lover comes not near,  
Is sadly wondering why she doth not hear  
The low notes of his dulcet serenade  
Beneath her window ere the sweet stars fade—  
Come, heart of mine, I pray thee let us go.

#### II

Beneath my lady's window soft I crept;  
The music of far waters lulled the night;  
On high the queen moon walked in garments bright,  
And up the east lordly Orion swept.  
Beneath my lady's window watch I kept,

## Sonnets

And let the slow hours wing their silent flight,  
The while I envied e'en the moonbeams white  
That kissed my spotless lady while she slept.

The rosy flush of morn was swiftly stealing  
Across the mountains as I turned away,  
And lo, I saw her by her casement kneeling,  
With palms together prest to greet the day;  
And matin-bells across the fields came pealing,  
And all the world in glittering sunlight lay.

### III

I hied me home and sang my songs once more;  
I took my dusty harp and tuned it well,  
And when I touched its strings, there came a spell  
Upon me such as song-birds feel that soar  
High toward the sun and all their heart outpour  
In sweet, melodious strains, which rise and swell,  
And to the world their rapturous joyance tell.  
So played I as I ne'er had played before.

For though I had but seen her from afar,  
Yet did my heart know that she prayed for me.  
For mystic soul-communings oft there are,  
More faithful than mere human speech can be.  
And ere I saw her, from the pole a star  
Fell, like God's benediction, silently.

## Sonnets

### IV

The golden moments fly like yellow bees,  
Which come with honey from the daisied field,  
The golden moments all their sweetness yield,  
Their flowery sweetness, honeyed memories.  
Ah! memories, too sweet for perfect peace,  
Unless I share them; yet my lips are sealed.  
Would not the charm be lost if I revealed  
That name, to me so full of harmonies?

No hour, no moment, in the livelong day,  
But is weighed down with honeyed thoughts of  
thee.  
Imprinted on the night's page, dim and gray,  
Thy smiling face, thine eyes, thy form, I see.  
The music of the ocean far away,  
Without thy name in it, discord would be.

### V

I wonder if none wonder why I smile,  
As thinking of my love I walk the street,  
And see not, neither hear the folk I greet,  
But only see my one love all the while.

## Sonnets

I traverse many a long and joyous mile  
Of fragrant groves, whose checkered branches meet;  
*They* know, they tell me of my maiden sweet;  
My heart with songs of her the birds beguile.

'T was only yesterday I saw my love,  
'T was only yestermorn I saw my own,  
Beside her open casement sitting lone,  
With eyes fixt on the mountain heights above.  
She saw me not, and I gazed from afar,  
As one who worships the pale evening star.

### VI

The deepest, cruelest love is love unspoken,  
Which battles with itself — passion with passion;  
White fire with lurid fire — in such fierce fashion  
That love's self dies, and lo! the heart is broken.  
And yet the steadfast spirit gives no token,  
Tho' red-rose cheeks may pale, tho' lips grow ashen;  
Like thin-faced monks who lash without compassion  
Their quivering limbs to punish sins unspoken.

Keep silence, oh, my heart! be thou no traitor;  
Betray not thy wild struggles, thy wild yearning.  
Yea, let thy agony seethe as in a crater

## Sonnets

Hidden by flowering vines far down is burning  
The lava seen but by the All-discerning.

Great is thy love, fond heart—my will is greater.

### VII

Maybe in God's own time, when time is past,  
Love incomplete shall be made full and round  
By perfect joining of lost parts, and crowned  
By the rich jewel of God's love at last.  
But why should we endeavor to forecast  
The problem of the future? Life is bound  
With adamantine chains. We hear no sound  
From those who vanish in death's awful vast.

Were it not best, then, once, only once, to speak—  
To kiss; then part as if the past were not?  
Life has no deeper vengeance on men's hearts to wreak.  
Nay, silent suffering is a nobler lot.  
I will be strong because I am so weak;  
Though I should die for Love's sake—for Love's  
sake.

### VIII

How the fresh raindrop on the grass-blade flashes!  
Behold the sunbeams on the river dancing!  
See the swift swallows thro' the deep sky glancing!

## Sonnets

Hark, how the fountain in the arbor flashes!

How Nature mocks us as we sit in ashes!

I thought she wept with me — now is she lancing  
Her bitter shafts of sunshine down, enhancing  
My griefs! O Nature, how thy joyance clashes!

Yet why? The dimmest star-heart sympathizes  
With our distress; and mayhap through our sorrows  
Our poor love purer, higher, nobler rises.  
Love on in silence, then, O heart! and grieve not,  
For after sad to-days come happier morrows.  
That love is lost believe not — oh, believe not!

### IX

The sun sinks down behind the purple hills  
And delicate clouds in golden radiance glow;  
The splendor brightens o'er the sea below,  
And all the conscious world with beauty thrills.  
The sea is calm; the sighing south wind stills,  
The ripples on the beach scarce come and go,  
As slowly up the sands the waters flow  
And the full tide the crescent harbor fills.

Alone I sit upon the rocks, alone  
And watch the light upon the headland far —  
It kindles like the silvery evening star.

## Honnets

The phantom ships sail on and fade away  
As night broods o'er the silence of the bay;  
And still I sit and think of thee, my own.

## PETRARCA DE SENECTUTE SUA: A PARAPHRASE

*quas humiliis tenero stylus olim effudit in aevo  
perlegis hic lachrymas, et quod pharetratus acuta  
ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide volnus.  
omnia paulatim consumit longior aetas,  
vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.  
ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor;  
frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,  
voxque aliud sonat:  
pectore nunc gelido calidos miseremur amantes  
iamque arsisse pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus  
mens horret, relegensque alium putat ista locutum.*

The tears which in my callow youth I shed  
Long since are dried; the wound made by the dart  
Of Love, the archer, on my boyish heart  
Is healed. The summer of my life is dead,  
And one by one its idle joys are fled.  
Like Death, our daily living bids us part  
From all we once held dear. O Time, thou art  
Our Fate, which drives us with relentless tread!

## Sonnets

The old self that we knew is now no more.  
The brow is wan; fond habits suffer change;  
The mind has other eyes; the voice is strange.  
Our cold hearts pity lovers passionate;  
We blush that once we burned. Old loves we hate;  
And former vows we deem another swore.

### THE RIVER

THE river is a moody human thing;  
It laughs whenever the sky is sunny blue,  
While from the sky it takes a richer hue.  
Nothing it does all day but laugh and sing,  
And toss its diamonds like a wayward king.  
And if the day is dark and sad, then too  
The river mourns the hours of sadness through,  
And seems dissolved in tears of murmuring.

It is a sympathetic, soulless soul —  
A creature touched by every passing breath,  
For future sunshine it has little faith —  
Remembers not the past. Now is its whole.  
Though it knows not, it rushes to its goal —  
Its goal the mighty ocean's living death.

## Sonnets

### PROPHECIES

SWEET is the homage which the south winds  
show—

Sweet is the piney incense which they bring  
To delicate, proud harebells, as they swing  
Their graceful heads, a-nodding to and fro.  
The organ tones o' the sombre pines is low—  
Low the prophetic hymn their branches sing.  
Is it a sound of the ocean murmuring?  
Does it reach the river in its ceaseless flow?

Beneath the brooding banks the waters stay;  
Entranced, they listen to the oracle  
Which of the sea the sun-fleckt pines foretell—  
Singing the doom to which they haste away.  
Thus mortals, hurrying to Eternity,  
Catch sometimes a faint sound of its vast sea.

### HERE AND THERE

THE sunshine slants across wide fields of green,  
The wind drives bending billows o'er the  
grass  
Chased by the shadows of white clouds that pass  
Like kindly dragons down the blue serene.

## Sonnets

Afar the dreamy mountains hedge the scene,  
Ethereal in their opaline transparent mass :  
Not with my naked eye nor with my glass  
Can I redeem the miles that lie between.

If on yon cloudlike mountains I should stand,  
The land would lie as though upon my palm —  
The rivers — silver ribbons, the blue lakes calm  
Like mirrors echoing sunny gleams of skies;  
And far away my village, like a band  
Of little pearls, where this fair valley lies.



In More Serious Mood





## A RUSSIAN FANTASY

O'ER the yellow crocus on the lawn  
    Floats a light white butterfly.  
Breezes waft it! See, 't is gone!  
*Dushka*, little soul, when didst thou die?

## SUNSET FANCIES

WHERE glows the sunset  
    Like a fiery ocean  
Do you see the islands,  
    The Hesperides?  
Green are their palm trees,  
    Somnolent in motion,  
Musical in silence,  
    Bending in the breeze.

Many are the herds there  
    On the meadows straying —  
Snowy-fleeced sheep,  
    Wide-hornèd kine.

Many are the red deer  
    On the hillsides playing;  
See how they leap!  
    How their antlers shine!

## In More Serious Mood

See, in the tree-tops  
Splendid birds are flashing,  
Living gleams of color,  
Living tongues of flame!

See the lofty fountains  
Musically plashing—  
Diamonds are duller,  
Every drop's a gem!

Shaded by palm groves,  
Halls of alabaster  
Strangely carved with stories  
Of departed days,  
Sculptured by chisel  
Of no earthly master,  
Glow with golden glories,  
With precious stones ablaze.

They are the mansions  
Of the old Immortals,  
Exiles from earth  
Long centuries ago.  
Amaranthine wreaths

Crown their pearly portals;  
Never-dying mirth  
Is theirs, never thought of woe.

## In More Serious Mood

There Ganymede,  
For the gods reclining  
On golden couches,  
Bears the jewelled bowl;  
There the ancient poets,  
In white raiment shining,  
With rhythmical touches  
Wake the harp's deep soul.

There is Athene  
Standing by her altars,  
Grave and sublime,  
Watching o'er her fane.  
Faith in her godhead  
Never wanes or falters;  
She in good time  
Will be worshipped again.

There is the Temple  
Of the good Apollo,  
Where light like wine  
Spouts in living jets.  
Round the vast rotunda  
Scarce the eye can follow  
To the heights divine  
Of starrèd minarets.

## In More Serious Mood

Out in the ocean  
Of the sunset glowing  
Have you seen this vision —  
Those Islands of the Blest?  
Have you seen the temples,  
Seen the fountains flowing,  
And the hills Elysian  
In the purple west?  
  
Now darkness gathers;  
Night with sable pinions  
Forever shuts away  
That glimpse of Paradise.  
Jealously guarding  
Her infinite dominions,  
Keeping from day  
The secrets of the skies.

## THE PALACE OF PLEASURE

WE have read in legends of old  
Of palaces built in a night;  
With walls of glittering gold,  
And roofs of crystalline light;  
With stores of treasures untold,  
Collected from deep and from height.

## In More Serious Mood

At sunset the site is a waste  
Of tangled, unfructified ground,  
By fens and quagmires defaced,  
Where reptiles and serpents abound:—  
A paradise spoiled and debased;  
No rose sheds its fragrance around.

At midnight assemble the powers:—  
The gnomes and the djinns from the earth,  
The fairies that lurk in the flowers,  
The Titans that forge works of worth,  
The weavers of magical bowers,  
To build the beautiful birth.

In silent and cheerful array,  
In orderly cohort and line,  
The workers their master obey,  
By his will, without signal or sign,  
The wizard exhibits the way,  
As tho' by a wisdom divine.

The briars and brambles are banned,  
The marsh is transformed to a lake,  
Tall trees on the avenues stand,  
Clear fountains in rivulets break.  
A new paradise blooms in the land  
Ere the birds in the morning awake.

## In More Serious Mood

Foundations of marble are laid;  
Like visions arise the fair walls;  
Silken tapestries now are displayed;  
Long mirrors show jewel-set halls;  
The chambers, richly arrayed,  
Are thronged with obedient thralls.

And thus when the magical car  
Brings home the prince and his bride,  
All things in readiness are  
To welcome their lord and their pride.  
And music swells, echoing far,  
And banners and pennants float wide.

The Palace of Pleasure is done.  
In a night it is built. In the day  
It will vie with the light of the sun.  
In an hour it may vanish away.  
So joy like a cobweb is spun.  
The prince and his bride — where are they?

## ROCKY NOOK

THROUGH his breezy bower of leaves  
Gleams the golden oriole,  
Pouring out his joyous soul  
As his hanging nest he weaves.

## In More Serious Mood

In the sunny fields the quail,  
Hiding deep mid nodding flowers,  
Whistles for the coming showers—  
Cheerful tho' his omens fail.

O'er the meadow hovering,  
Near the winding brooklet's brink,  
Trills the lyric bobolink—  
Our Anakreon on the wing.

See! upon the topmost leaf  
Of the maple on the hill  
He is swinging, singing still,  
Like a soul that knows no grief.

How the air with perfume swoons!  
Humming dart the yellow bees  
From the flower-clad apple trees;  
All their lives are honeymoons.

Insects chirp amid the grass,  
Swallows twitter as they fly  
Arrowlike across the sky,  
And the crows call as they pass.

Thro' the night the whippoorwill  
Threatens from the linden tree,  
And the voices of the sea  
All the solemn silence fill.

## In More Serious Mood

Silvery music from the brook,  
Rapturous singing from the field.  
Golden moments dost thou yield,  
To thy lovers, Rocky Nook.

### FROM A BALCONY

I SEE a patch of woodland,  
A hill which hovels crown,  
A wide brook overflowing  
With waters dull and brown.

Then black lines of a railway  
With swift trains thundering by;  
Like comets manned by demons  
In headlong speed they fly.

Below me is a courtyard,  
Unshaded by a tree;  
A mournful bush in the corner  
Is its only shrubbery.

And there a withered leaflet  
Spins round in the fitful wind,  
Like a sad gray ghost imprisoned,  
No exit can it find.

## In More Serious Mood

The type of many a mortal,  
That wan leaf has no rest,  
And I think that a grave in the churchyard  
For you and me were best.

## AURORA BOREALIS

**I**N the cold midwinter night,  
O'er the frosty northern sky  
Gather spectral armies bright.  
See them march and wheel and fight—  
Fight and fall and die!

So the mystic hosts of thought  
Thro' my soul at midnight gleam;  
Valiant battles then are fought,  
Doughty deeds are swiftly wrought.  
Is it all a dream?

## TWO SUNSETS

**O**NCE before I saw a sunset  
From this rocky hill,  
Saw the valley deep and misty,  
Saw the mountains blue and still,  
And the crimson clouds above them  
With the sunbeams thrill.

## In More Serious Mood

But 't was not so much the sunset  
Which ensouled the place,  
As it was the glow and glory  
Beaming from thy raptured face,  
Wistfully, unconscious of me,  
Gazing into space.

Now once more I see the sunset  
(Years have had their flight),  
See the misty valley darkling,  
See the mountain's purple light,  
And the dusky-shadowed pinions  
Of the eagle, Night.

But alone I see the glory!  
Dearest, thou art far!  
And the clouds grow black and heavy  
Shutting out the evening star,  
And my heart is sad and weary,  
Crushed by Fate's stern bar.

Though I know that day returneth,  
And the night is gain,  
Yet I cannot lift the burden  
Of the present's grief and pain.  
Darkness closes in around me—  
Courage, trust, are vain.

## In More Serious Mood

### TO A BEAUTIFUL NUN

FAIR Nun, that slowly wanderest  
Thro' byways of the town,  
Tell me the thoughts thou ponderest,  
Demure, with eyes cast down.

The world around is beautiful;  
No joy to thee it brings,  
Because thy spirit dutiful  
Is set on heavenly things.

The sunlight is not vanity,  
Nor pleasure sign of ill;  
Bright greetings of urbanity  
May tender heartstrings thrill.

. But all these things are naught to thee;  
Such visions thou must shun.  
Another code is taught to thee,  
Thou solemn-vestured Nun.

Thy talents,— make no use of them  
To win the world's applause;  
Such use were but abuse of them  
To hurt Religion's cause.

## In More Serious Mood

Thy voice, tho' rich and glorious,  
Must not in mirth take part;  
Thy hands must be laborious  
In charity, not art.

Thy face would grace society,  
Thy hand be sought in love;  
But all thy realm is piety;  
Thy heart is fixt above.

Yet calm and unregretfully  
Thou goest on thy way,  
As tho' desire were met, fully,  
In that one word "obey."

No thought of earthly joy disturbs,  
For earthly love must cease;  
No trivial annoy disturbs  
The current of thy peace.

Surrounded by thy purity  
As by an angel's arm,  
Thou passest in security  
Amid all sin and harm.

Sweet bride of heaven, abidingly  
Thy thoughts all heavenward flow;  
And thus alone, confidingly,  
Thou walkest here below.

## In More Serious Mood

The sombre garb thou wearest here,  
    The rosary, the cross,—  
Symbol of what thou bearest here,—  
    Make all things seem but dross.

Above, the wedding raiment waits,  
    The crown, the promised spouse;  
For all the loss the payment waits,  
    The answer to thy vows.

For this thou hast forsaken all  
    Thy beauty might have won;  
For this alone hast taken all  
    The sorrows of a Nun.

Fair Nun, my heart acknowledges  
    A pang to see thy face.  
I care not for theologies,  
    I only care for grace.

And yet I would not change thy lot  
    To that of mortal bride.  
Let God alone arrange thy lot  
    And in thy heart abide.

## In More Serious Mood

### PERVERTED

A LITTLE, innocent, white-winged Cloud  
Flew out across the summer sea,  
And there was met by a surly crowd  
Of Fogs and Tempests. She tried to flee.

"Now join us," cried a menacing form,  
"Or else thy beauty we destroy!"  
When back she came with the hosts of storm  
Destruction was her only joy.

### THE SHEPHERDS

#### I

SHEPHERDS, have ye heard the story?  
Shepherds, did ye see the light?  
All the sky was filled with glory;  
Hill and vale were bright.

#### II

Shepherds, we our flocks were keeping  
On the upland pasture ground;  
All the world around was sleeping;  
There was not a sound!

## In More Serious Mood

### III

As we stood alone and listened  
To the silence near and far,  
Suddenly before us glistened,  
In the East, a star.

### IV

Brighter in its swift ascension  
Than the planet or the moon,  
Soon it claimed our rapt attention:  
Night was turned to noon.

### V

In affright we drew together,  
All we shepherds on the hill,  
And our wonder questioned whether  
It should bode us ill.

### VI

When it came and hung suspended,  
Blazing over Bethlehem:  
Every rock, with radiance splendid,  
Sparkled like a gem!

## In More Serious Mood

### VII

When we found ourselves surrounded  
With a bright angelic throng,  
And above us, round us, sounded  
Loud a wondrous song.

### VIII

Harps of gold and crowns undying,  
Robes of white and jewelled wings!  
On our faces we are lying  
While the seraph sings:

### IX

“Peace on earth! Good will to mortals!  
Christ the Lord this day is born;  
He hath passed the heavenly portals,  
Glorious is this morn!

### X

“Blessed tiding to all nations!  
God hath sent to ransom them.  
Go and find him! Loud ovations  
Sing in Bethlehem!”

## In More Serious Mood

XI

Then the mighty angel chorus  
Clove the air with sweet acclaim;  
Swelled the hymn, resounding o'er us,  
Hailing Jesus' name!

XII

Shepherds, we have straightway started,  
Leaving on the fields our sheep,  
To discover, joyful-hearted,  
Where the Babe doth sleep.

XIII

Seek with us the blessed Stranger!  
Come adore the heavenly Child  
Lying in the humble manger,  
Pure and undefiled!

XIV

Angels, wondering, hover o'er him;  
Costly gifts the Magi bring;  
And the rabbis bow before him,  
Mutely worshipping.

## In More Serious Mood

xv

And his gentle virgin mother  
Holds him closely to her breast:  
On the earth there is no other  
Woman half so blest.

xvi

Shepherds, now you know the story  
Of this wondrous Christmas morn.  
Let us also share the glory  
Of the King new born.

## FALLEN PETALS

ON the ground — on the dewy ground —  
Lie the apple blossoms strewn around.

Yesterday — only yesterday —  
All the boughs with fragrant blooms were gay.

But a wind — a dark wind — arose,  
And they fell — drifting like the snows.

So thy heart, with hope's petals strewn,  
Misses now the blossoms thou hast known.

Never fear! The fruit will load the tree,  
And Life's autumn bring some good to thee.

## In More Serious Mood

### OFF GLOUCESTER

UPON the lifting curve of the sea  
The fishing fleet drifts dreamily,  
And the sky looks down with its tenderest smile;  
And the ocean, forgetting his craft awhile,  
Takes the ships on his heaving breast  
And brings them into the port of rest.

### GLOWING STARS

TELL me, glowing stars on high,  
Do I perish when I die?  
Or shall I be ever I?

Will my spirit have re-birth  
And regain the things of worth  
When my dust returns to earth?

Ye too perish, ye too fall:  
Flash a moment — then the pall:  
Is that typical of all?

Boundless depths of glowing spheres,  
Changeless in the changing years,  
Seem to negative our fears.

## In More Serious Mood

Yet your changeless is all change!  
Fleeting, flying on, ye range  
Thro' the vortex vast and strange.

Other creatures, other men,  
Cling upon you, live—and then  
Do they die and live again?

## DISCOURAGEMENT

**S**AID the glowworm: "I,  
A creature of fire,  
Cannot touch my desire;  
However I yearn and try  
To meet and greet  
My winged sisters high  
In the sky—  
I can only burn and die!"

Said the firefly: "I,  
A creature of light,  
Cannot wing my flight  
Thro' the luring night  
To my calmer sisters high  
In the sky!"

## In More Serious Mood

I can only fly  
Over field and flower  
For my little hour,  
And die like a sigh."

Said my fervent soul:  
"I'm a creature of light and fire;  
But why — why should I aspire?  
For ne'er may I rise higher  
Than the glowing coal  
On the funeral pyre,  
And Death is my goal!"

## "AS YESTERDAY"

A SWEET young mother fell asleep and died:  
She left her children to a stranger's care;  
Yet scarcely had she reached the other side  
When all her dear ones gathered round her there.

A Spirit saw the wonder on her face:—  
"They lived on earth their rounded lives," it cried,  
"But Heaven knows naught of measured time or  
space:—  
A hundred years have vanished since you died!"

## In More Serious Mood

### IN THE PARK

THE dry leaves rustle on the ground  
With weird, mysterious, whispering sound.  
What is the secret that they tell?  
“We are hapless ghosts of leaves that fell  
From bliss remembered all too well,  
And now by winds of Fate are whirled  
Around a dead and frozen world.”

### MAN'S TWO WINGS

(PARAPHRASED FROM *De Imitatione.*)

WHEN life seems dreary,  
And thou art weary  
Of earthly things—  
If then thou yearnest  
In holy earnest,  
For what peace brings,  
Thou mayst soar to heaven  
On pinions given  
To souls like thine:  
Simplicity  
And purity  
Will be for thee  
Those wings divine.

## In More Serious Mood

### IF WE WERE TO DIE TOGETHER

IF we were to die together  
Should we wander hand in hand  
Thro' the dark mysterious gateway  
To the unseen land?

Should we comfort one another  
In the strangeness of the way,  
Till our eyes beheld the brightness  
Of the dawning day?

Were it so my heart would never  
Fail me at the thought of death.  
Never would a pang of doubting  
Haunt my parting breath.

Life or death with thee to share it  
Gives no room for fear —  
I were blest in joy or sorrow —  
Whether there or here.

### THE BROKEN VOW

THE youthful monk, Aloysius,  
Knelt alone in his gloomy cell,  
And scourged his quivering body  
As the shades of evening fell.  
(He heard the vesper bell.)

## In More Serious Mood

A solemn vow he had taken  
To renounce all earthly love,  
And to keep his heart turned ever  
To the Christ on the cross above.  
(O Spirit send thy Dove !)

But it chanced that athwart his pathway  
A beautiful woman came,  
And the one sweet glance that she gave him  
Had set his heart afame.  
(The Tempter wrought the shame !)

In spite of prayer and fasting,  
Of sackcloth and of rod,  
The vision of the maiden  
Rose 'twixt him and his God.  
(Thorny the path he trod !)

He heard the solemn chanting  
Of monks in the chapel dim,  
But the secret voice within him  
Is louder than their hymn.  
(His eyes with hot tears swim.)

*Pater noster* rang their voices;  
*Salva me* murmured his sighs:—  
“But to rest on the maiden’s bosom  
Were worth all Paradise !”  
(The inward voice replies.)

## In More Serious Mood

When the monks next morn assembled,  
Aloysius was not there;  
His vow to God he had broken—  
He had fled from the House of Prayer.  
(O Love, it was thy snare!)

## THE HARMONY DIVINE

Οὐποτε θνατῶν

Τὰν Διὸς ἀρμονίαν ἀνδρῶν παρεξίασι βουλαῖ.

Never shall the plan of mortal man disturb the harmony of  
Zeus.—AISCHULOS: *Prometheus Desmotes*.

HOWEVER wrangling men may war  
Or jangling discords jar and mar  
God's Symphony eternal,  
A law-engendered purpose runs  
Throughout a universe of suns,  
Each with its song supernal.

The Harmony divine! No plan  
Conceived by heart of mortal man  
Disturbs its progress splendid.  
For as the hurrying years revolve  
The most discordant notes dissolve  
In triumph never-ended.

## In More Serious Mood

### THE HEART

*multa' in hoc mundo sunt et haec omnia cor humanum satiare non possunt.* — HUGO DE ST. VICTOR.

THE world is a kingdom of beautiful things;  
Yet possession of wealth only fosters the pride !  
No lasting content it brings even to kings;  
By heaven alone is the heart satisfied.

### ON A PICTURE OF SUNSET IN THE ADIRONDACKS

ON mountain summits and on clouds is glowing  
The glory of the sunset; in the valley  
The waveless waters of the river dally,  
And shadows darker and more deep are growing.

Hushed are the winds; the tall elms bending  
Above the glassy stream are motionless  
As if entranced at their own loveliness,  
With dreamy colors in the cool depths blending.

There is no sound; the robins ceased their song  
As sunset slowly faded from the sky;  
Music and joyousness to day belong—  
'T is fitting that in silence day should die.

## In More Serious Mood

### PEACE

*In la sua voluntade è nostra pace.* — PARADISO, III, 85.

PEACE? Can we find it in this world of trial,  
Where battles fierce and every form of ill  
And pain and sorrow and hard self-denial  
Our checkered lives from birth to death must fill?

Peace? Peace? How sweet the word and tender!  
Its very sound should wrangling discords still!  
And I might find it if I would surrender  
Myself and my will to His perfect will.

### AT MIDNIGHT BY THE SEA

WE sat at midnight on the shore,  
The waves were breaking at our feet  
With solemn, low, continuous roar,—  
The red lights on the fishing fleet  
Rocked to and fro against the sky.

We saw the mist-wreaths hurrying by,  
Like loving things compelled by Fate  
To seek some distant, unknown state;  
The moon shone on the waters far,  
And o'er the golden waste a bar

## In More Serious Mood

Of shadow of deep purple lay;  
The offing was a silvery gray,  
From which the black-backed islands rose  
Like ocean monsters in repose.

Alas, alas! no words can tell  
The sadness which upon us fell;  
No trick of rhyme can half express  
The tearful, melancholy mood  
Born of the boundless solitude.  
The marbled sky seemed pitiless;  
The sad waves breaking on the shore  
Were moaning for the nevermore —  
The awful unattainable —  
As down the rocks the slow tide fell.  
The mist-veil seemed to shut from sight  
Some deeper mystery of the night;  
The very light the white moon gave  
Made shadows deeper on shore and wave.

I have seen times when inner sight  
Seemed opened on the infinite,  
As if the flower of God's great plan  
Were slowly blossoming for man,  
So that my soul began to see  
Some clew unto the mystery  
Of what it really means to be.

## In More Serious Mood

Not so that night. The darkness drew  
Like mist about my soul. I felt  
That there was nothing that I knew.  
My soul within me seemed to melt!  
Thus by the shore we walked — we two,  
As slow the mystic hour crept on  
And the tide turned and the moon was gone.

## THE ABBÉ'S DREAM

THE Abbé Michael dreamed one night  
That heaven was opened to his sight,  
And first among the radiant throng  
Which filled the streets with praise and song  
He saw a man whose reckless might  
Had seamed his earthly life with wrong.

The Abbé saw not streets of gold,  
Or splendid mansions manifold,  
Or sea of glass, or jewels rare,  
Or pearly gates beyond compare,  
Or hosts of angels richly stoled; —  
He only saw this sinner there!

The hymns of triumph reached his ears,  
But brought no solace for his tears;

## In More Serious Mood

Peace from his jealous soul had flown:—  
“My life is spent for God alone,”  
He cried; “and yet this man appears  
Among the nearest to the throne.”

But ere he woke he heard a voice,  
Which said unto his heart: “Rejoice!  
The diamond which is full of light  
Was once a coal as black as night!  
Judge not the means which God employs  
To make the wrong bloom into right.”

## THE DEATH OF AVRAHAM

*HURMAZD! Almighty Lord!*  
A flying rumor said  
That Avraham was dead:—  
Drawn from the scabbard 's the sword;  
Loosed from the bow is the cord;  
The wine from the pitcher is poured;  
The casket loses its hoard.

Thus, yet not thus, from man,  
When he has finished his span,  
Falls neglected, despised,  
The body he long has prized.

## In More Serious Mood

It crumbles into dust:—  
Consumed is the scabbard by rust;  
The bow is broken for fire;  
The pitcher is lost in the mire;  
The casket is tost in the brier.

*Hurmazd! Almighty Lord!*  
The flying rumor said  
That Avraham was dead.

Hearken the Mage's word!  
Solemnly spake the sage,  
Bent low by thought and by age:—  
I watched as Avraham's soul  
Passed from his body's control.

Asks an eager fool of the wise:—  
“What was its form as it fled  
And joined the hosts of the dead?”

The master, unruffled, replies:—  
“Form it had none. When you said,  
Days agone, ‘Lo, here is our friend,’  
You thought not of mouth or of eyes,  
Of hair, of color, of size,—  
So now it was at the end,  
(The end of suffering, sinning,  
But death is new life beginning!)

## In More Serious Mood

“As the formless form of the soul  
Of Avraham drew near the goal  
To which thro’ life he had aimed  
(‘Zadeehah,’ *the Just*, was he named),  
A breeze with fragrance laden  
Breathed from the robes of a maiden  
Stately and gracious and fair,  
Who came to welcome him there.

“She was the soul of his deeds,  
His charities, faithfulness, prayer,  
Self-sacrifice, meekness, and love:  
The growth of a thousand seeds,  
For all that is best in us breeds  
Greater perfection above,  
But the bad destroys as it feeds,  
Like canker or ruthless decay.

“Then the maiden led him away,  
As a father is led by a daughter,  
Thro’ pleasant asphodel meads,  
By fountains of life-giving water,  
To the grove of Hurmazd the Great.

“Well done! Thou hast won in the strife!  
New joy now begins and new life,

## In More Serious Mood

My son! ' was the welcoming word  
That the wondering Avraham heard  
As he bowed in the presence of Fate."

### PROPHETS

(TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.)

IN every age have men been sent  
To be a nation's ornament,—  
To bring the Graces down to earth,  
To sing new songs of love and mirth,  
To make the pictured canvas glow,  
To bid full streams of music flow,  
To shape dead marble into life,  
To lead vast hosts from strife to strife.  
The annals of the world abound  
With lives which deathless fame has crowned.  
But while each age, each nation claims  
Its noble roll of splendid names,  
Once in a century appears  
The flaming torch of God-sent seers,  
As comets fling their threatening blaze  
Athwart the fixed stars' silvery rays.

\* \* \* \* \*

When tyrannies oppress a land,  
When crimes abound on every hand,

## In More Serious Mood

When righteous laws in the dust are trod,  
When men forget that God is God,—  
Then with his whip of scorpion stings,  
The prophet his stern message brings;  
To pride, so soon to be brought low,  
Foretells the coming of the woe;  
Awakes the conscience, lulled to sleep,  
With thunders snatched from Sinai's steep.  
To seers like these mere beauty seems  
Like forms and colors seen in dreams:  
Rich houses, bright and comely dress,  
The dainty fare of palaces,  
The vaunted triumphs of the arts,  
The traffic of the crowded marts,  
Are false enticements to be spurned,  
Are tinsel dross that must be burned.  
And so they come in camel's hair,  
With locusts for their homely fare;  
And in the market-place they stand  
And preach destruction to the land:  
“Repent! repent!” they loudly cry,  
“The judgment of the Lord is nigh!”  
The heedless mob refuse to hear,  
The triflers jest, the cruel jeer;  
And soon the hurtling stones are flung  
To still the inconvenient tongue.  
“My prophets, O Jerusalem,

## In More Serious Mood

Where are they? Ye have stonèd them!"  
But, tho' the prophet sinks in death,  
The Lord's word never perisheth.  
The fated doom leaps forth at last;  
And when its awful work is past,  
The prophet, who its course foretold,  
On whom the fathers' sins were rolled,  
Is by their children's children named  
As one in whom God's voice had flamed.

## A LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY

**S**T. ANTHONY had fasted much and prayed,—  
Had spent long years in desert lands alone,  
Afflicting his lean limbs with punishments  
For evil thoughts that came against his will;  
Forever watching for the slightest stain  
That might appear upon the shining gold  
Of his pure life, that at the latter day,  
When he must render it unto his Lord,  
He might receive his Lord's most grateful praise.

And now he was grown old and sorely bent;  
His frame was feeble and his eyes were dim,  
His long hair and his beard were white as wool.  
And as he sat before his hermitage

## In More Serious Mood

At eventide, and saw the red sun sink  
Behind great masses of dark purple clouds,  
Down in a sea of sand, the glad thought came  
That soon his pilgrimage below would close,  
Soon would his sun go down in clouds of glory.

He raised his eyes to heaven and spoke in prayer:  
“Lord, I have lived apart from sinful men;  
I have not soiled my life by intercourse  
With filthy pleasures which the bad world loves.  
To prayer and fasting have my days been given,  
My nights to penance for e'en thought of sin.  
Temptations have I struggled with, oh Lord,  
But never have I fallen, no, not once.  
When Satan came with all-alluring wiles  
I yielded not, nor have I ceased to fight  
His open warfare, till at last I stand  
Triumphant in my hard-earned victory.  
What more remaineth now for me to do?  
Am I not holy more than other men?  
Am I not ripe to garner into heaven?  
I pray thee let my long probation cease,  
Now, Lord, I pray thee, take thy servant home.”

When he had ceased, a gentle voice replied:  
“Nay, Anthony, in Alexandria,  
A cobbler, Paulus, lives, who has more cause

## In More Serious Mood

For boasting of his holiness than thou.”  
He marvelled at these words and pondered long.  
The night he spent in scourging his poor flesh  
Until the blood flowed down his trembling limbs.  
And ere the sun rose from the ruddy east,  
St. Anthony had grasped his oaken staff,  
And wandering thro’ the weary wastes of sand  
He sought the city, Alexandria.

At length, when many days and nights were past,  
Before a lowly cottage door he stood,  
And gained admittance to the humble room  
Where dwelt the cobbler with his family.

“I come to see a man who has more cause  
To boast of holiness than Anthony;  
Now show me thy good works, that I may judge,  
And if convinced, though old, may learn of thee.”

The cobbler, Paulus, answered in surprise:  
“Nay, I have done no good works that I know;  
I live contented in my poverty.  
My hands I strive to keep from idleness.  
I teach my children to be truly kind,  
And bring them up to love their father’s God.  
I gather them about me when I pray.  
But as for ‘good works,’ nay, I have done none.”

## In More Serious Mood

Then Anthony was sore amazed, and prayed:  
“Oh Lord, expound to me this parable.  
How is this cobbler holier than I,  
Who have lived sinless all my ninety years,  
And uncontaminated by the world?”

Then suddenly the scales fell from his eyes;  
He saw how he had lived in selfishness,  
How cowardly it was to leave the world  
And spend his long life on himself alone.  
And Paradise seemed far away from him  
Who late had prayed his Lord to take him home.  
His life seemed wasted, and he wept aloud.  
Then had the Lord compassion on the saint,  
And speedily He took him to his rest—  
His aged saint, who at the end of life  
Had learned the lesson of humility.

## AN AUTUMN FRUIT

OUR good old dominie was fond of flowers.  
It was because his life was beautiful,  
I think, that nothing that had beauty failed  
To touch him and to make his soul respond.  
And so, because I could not do great things,  
Nor bear the heat and burden of the day

## In More Serious Mood

By working in the vineyard of the Lord,  
On peaceful Sabbath mornings, when the dew  
Still sparkled on the bending blades of grass,  
And made me think of jewelled scimetars,  
Wielded by fairies in Titania's court,  
I cut the sweetest blossoms I could find —  
Red roses, clambering up the trellised wall,  
And pinks from out my little garden plot,  
And bright-eyed pansies, gentians, violets,  
And sometimes modest wild flowers from the wood,  
Which, cool and shady, climbed the village hill.  
From springtime, when the wild arbutus came  
(Brave little beauty hiding 'neath the snows),  
Thro' the long summer till the violets died,  
And when the pine-o'ershadowed river banks  
Grew purple with proud harebells, and the fields  
Were thick with royal hosts of goldenrod —  
Each Sunday morn I brought my offering  
And laid it on the altar in the church.  
And when our dear old dominie would come —  
I see his white hair and his mild eyes yet —  
And linger for a moment just to catch  
The delicate breath of heliotrope or rose,  
I saw the peaceful look of thanks to God  
For sending such sweet things into the world,  
And had my own exceeding great reward.  
And one day, when a little child was brought

## In More Serious Mood

For holy hands to consecrate to God,  
She leaned out from her mother's arms and took  
A single pearl-like lily from the vase —  
Herself a lily blooming into life;  
And then a tiny bird came with the breeze  
In thro' the window, and upon my flowers  
It lighted like a blessing sent from God.  
But now the birds have gone to warmer climes,  
And sing their matin songs on orange trees;  
The goldenrod has faded from the field,  
And from the boughs the chill wind shakes the leaves.  
O glorious fruit of autumn — red-ripe corn,  
And bending barley, heavy-headed wheat,  
And russet apples, chestnuts with the burrs  
Half opened by the fingers of the frost!  
O glorious days of autumn, when the sun  
Swims in a golden haze, and o'er the hills  
The grass is slowly changing ruddy brown!  
I went among the fields and thro' the woods,  
And plucked a dozen ears of full-ripe corn;  
I filled a basket full of forest leaves,  
Glowing with all of sunset's richest hues,  
And red-leaved boughs of oak, with acorn cups  
And stalks of grasses with their yellow seeds,  
And ferns from hollows by the brooklet's side —  
And bound the wheat and heavy heads of rye,  
And all the grains that bounteous autumn gives.

## In More Serious Mood

And so I made an offering for the Lord,  
And laid it on his altar in his church.  
And when the Sabbath came, my heart was full.  
How calm the river lay beneath the banks,  
With grazing cows and vine-clad cottages  
Reflected in the mirror of its tide !  
No breeze stirred in the tree-tops; yet the leaves  
Came fluttering downward one by one. The boys  
Walked thro' them with the keen delight of youth  
In crisp, sharp sound, and longed to run and shout.  
How mournfully the bell was tolled that morn,  
As if it felt the prescience of some grief !  
Oh, what a prayer went winging up to God,  
As if the good old man, like Moses, stood  
Upon a Pisgah height, and talked with him,  
And brought his people's sorrows and their joys  
And laid them calmly at their Father's feet !  
And then his sermon—ah, it seems to me  
As if I ne'er should hear his like again !  
It was his last. For ere the sun was set  
The Reaper with his sickle keen had come . . .  
And garnered him as grain full ripe for God.

## In More Serious Mood

### THE HEROES OF CUTTYHUNK

[The British brig *Aquatic* from Cuba, bound for Boston, went ashore on the Sow and Pigs Reef off Cuttyhunk about half-past four o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 24, 1893. The United States Life-saving Crew deemed the exploit of rescue too dangerous to attempt in the hurricane that was blowing and the high sea that was running. But a volunteer crew of six men—Captain Timothy Akin, Jr., Frederick Akin, Isaiah H. Tilton, Joseph Tilton, William Brightman, and Hiram Jackson—attempted to put out to the wreck in the Massachusetts Humane Society's life-boat. They had gone only a short distance when they were swamped, and five of the men were drowned. Their families were left in the direst poverty, and immediate steps were taken in Boston and other cities to relieve their necessities and provide for their future. Universal sympathy was aroused, and the fund quickly amounted to over fifteen thousand dollars.]

“ **M**EN! there’s a brig ashore on the reef:  
Come, bear a hand for their relief!  
The Life-saving Crew have turnèd back,  
For the wind is fierce and the billows are black!  
But we can get there, never fear!  
Who of you men will volunteer?”

Thus spoke a seaman, bronzed and brave,  
Ready and strong to do and save.  
Five fishermen shouted their “I,” “and I”:  
Who of them thought or feared to die?

## In More Serious Mood

They followed their leader down to the shore  
To enrich the world with one gallant deed more.  
Parents' and children's and loving wives'  
Joy and sorrow, hung on those lives;  
But tho' love for mother or wife or child  
Might beckon them back from the tempest wild,  
Yet still with faces set and stern,  
To Humanity's task they gallantly turn.  
No time for farewells: no parting word  
Thro' the roar of the hurricane surf would be heard;  
In silence they launch the great life-boat:  
It glides down the shelving beach, is afloat!  
With sturdy arms they stand to the oars  
Nor heed the cold billow that over them pours.  
They are off! they are off! thro' the threatening comb,  
Strong as Fate, white-crested with foam  
That hides them from sight, that blinds them, that  
strives  
To swallow up their puny lives!  
Again they rise, they conquer; the skill  
Of man with the aid of his dormant will  
Master the frenzied seas which roar  
With baffled rage on the ice-bound shore.  
Again and again they rise, they sink  
In green-black hollows which seem to shrink  
Under the mass of the toppling wave  
That covers the yawning of the grave!

## In More Serious Mood

And the wind adds his fury to ocean's might.  
Great God! how it shrieks in its swooping flight!  
Against such allies man's strength is vain:  
With their utmost force no inch they gain.  
Up, up they mount; the crested wall  
Of solid green once more may fall  
And still they live; see! see! they bend  
With strokes of iron; must they spend  
Their manhood's might and still not save  
Those nameless strangers from the grave?  
  
One false stroke is their doom; if caught  
By yonder toppling mountain, naught  
Beneath the pitiless sky can help  
Those hapless heroes flung like kelp  
Amid the weltering waste of brine  
That stretches beyond the horizon line!

There 's a glare of sunset in the west,  
But the howling tempest knows no rest,  
And now like a horrible harpy the wind  
With a sudden swoop comes from behind.  
With his grasp like steel the captain is true  
To instinctive swerve; the hardy crew  
Make one last effort: but they are lost!—  
Like a feather the life-boat is lightly tost  
On the edge of that monstrous shuddering wave,  
Then swallowed up in its curling cave.

## In More Serious Mood

And still on the reef the wrecked brig hung,  
Still the freezing crew to the rigging clung  
While the doomed ship strained, while the timbers  
    crackt

Beneath each breaker's cataract,  
And every moment seemed their last;  
But when the terrible night was past  
Every man was safely landed  
From the rocky sty where they had stranded.  
For the sea had accepted the sacrifice:  
Five gallant lives were the costly price.

Death is the portion of mortals all:  
Sooner or later it must befall,  
And whether it comes by sea or land  
Makes little odds as the world is planned.  
'T is a moment's anguish and then release!  
An instant's warfare followed by peace!  
But alas for those who are suddenly left:  
Of father or husband or lover bereft,  
With poverty staring them in the face,  
With none to take the bread-winner's place.

Ah! but the world loves heroes! Now  
Is the chance for the world its love to show!  
"Come to the rescue! Pour your gold!  
Prove that the world's heart is not cold!

## In More Serious Mood

One of those men who went straight to heaven  
Left seven children — a motherless seven!  
Give of thy wealth that never need  
Of home or bread make their young hearts bleed!"

Thus rang the appeal and the answer glowed  
And the saving tide of sympathy flowed!  
Now once again we have seen defeat  
Crowned with victory lofty and sweet;  
And tho' that boat and crew were sunk  
'Neath the waves that environed Cuttyhunk,  
The wreck of that vessel raised on high  
A deed of worth that shall never die!







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